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ON THE SIGNAL BRIDGE OF A MAN-OF-WAR.—"FOLLOW THE MOTIONS OF THE FLAGSHIP!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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THE CARDINAL POINT.

THE financial condition of the United States presents a spectacle of singular absurdity. We are one of the richest nations on earth, if not the richest of all, and we have to struggle with financial embarrassments as if we were one of the poorest. We astonished the world and immensely enhanced our credit by the unprecedented rapidity with which we reduced our national debt by hundreds of millions, and then, by the management of a comparatively small part of the debt, we undermined that credit, and shook the public confidence in our honesty as well as our wisdom to such a degree that the foreign investor seriously hesitates to intrust to us his capital, while the American business man hardly ventures in his enterprises beyond the necessities of the day, both being deterred by an apprehension of impending disaster, and a doubt whether efficacious remedies will be applied in time to avert the catastrophe. The comparatively small part of the public debt we refer to is the greenback.

The greenback was originally issued under the stress of the civil war as a temporary makeshift. Being simply a promise to pay, it was essentially a forced loan without interest levied by the government on the people. It being understood that the government would not redeem that promise for an indefinite time, the greenback declined in value compared with the promised coin dollar, and its current value fluctuated as, in consequence of the events of the day combined with the quantity of unredeemed promises afloat, the possibility of redemption seemed more or less uncertain. To give it character and currency it was made a legal tender except as to certain payments which were to be made to the government in gold. Thus the greenback was started on its ill-fated career among us, and it is no exaggeration to say that it has wrought more mischief in this country than any other financial contrivance of our time. Retrospectively it is not difficult to show that the issuance of a paper legal tender was unnecessary; that the government might have carried on the war on a specie basis; and that the greenback, disturbing all market values, immensely increased its cost. But, worse than this, the long and exclusive use of this promise to pay as money fostered among our people the dangerous hallucination that it was the duty of the government to furnish to them just this kind of currency in such quantity as, according to their notion, their business might require, and that the country would be richer in proportion to the number of promises to pay so issued. It is needless to say that this hallucination is in some form or another at the bottom of almost all the financial heresies we have to contend with.

When after the severe lesson of the crisis of 1873 reason so far gained the upper hand that a majority in Congress would consent to the enactment of a law providing for the redemption of the government's promises to pay, that majority still had not courage enough to determine that the greenbacks once redeemed should stay redeemed and be cancelled as an extinguished debt. Frightened by the cry that this would bring about a contraction of the currency, and that the people wanted "more money" and not less, Congress ordered that greenbacks once redeemed should *not* stay redeemed, but be reissued—in other words, that the forced loan should not be extinguished but constantly renewed. The inevitable consequences of this arrangement were at the time clearly predicted. It might work well, even with a comparatively small gold reserve in the Treasury, so long as the government revenues were abundant and no financial embarrassment in sight, the public mind resting in absolute confidence that any probable draft upon the Treasury for the redemption of greenbacks in gold could easily be met. But with revenues falling short of expenditures, with deficits in the place of surpluses, with distrust arising in the business community at home and abroad as to the paying ability of the government, the constant reissuing of redeemed promises to pay would soon result in their presentation again and again for redemption, in an incessant drain of the gold in the Treasury, in a state of nervous anxiety in the business community at home and abroad, in a paralysis of business, and eventually, unless drastic remedies were adopted in time, in a destructive collapse.

This prophecy has been substantially fulfilled. Our refusal to treat the greenbacks as a debt to be extinguished has brought upon this country a condition of things not only fraught with grave danger, but utterly discreditable to us as a nation. But for the efforts of the President to replenish the gold reserve of the Treasury by the sale of bonds, the government would have been obliged virtually to suspend specie payments again, and the country would by this time have relapsed into the state of things which existed before the passage of the resumption act, aggravated by the exhibition of the financial imbecility which permitted such a relapse. To be sure the selling of bonds by the government to replenish the gold reserve, while it is certain that this gold reserve will at once be drained again, and that the selling of bonds will have to be indefinitely repeated, always with the same effect, is a pitiable makeshift, but for the time being it is a necessary one. It is as necessary as the use of pumps to keep afloat a leaking ship. The pumps must be worked although—or rather just because—there is constantly as much water flowing in through the leak as they can eject, and we take comfort in knowing that the President is determined to continue working the pumps to the utmost of his power. It is also a useful makeshift in so far as it furnishes the people a striking object-lesson of the absurdity of a great nation engaged in pouring water into a sieve, until they become as ashamed of it as they ought to be, and until their shame awakens in them that common-sense which points out as the only effective remedy the cancellation of the legal-tender notes of the government as they are redeemed. It is encouraging to perceive how the cry "the greenbacks must go" spreads from place to place and rises with constantly increasing volume, not unlikely soon to overawe Congress as the storm of public sentiment did in the case of the repeal of the silver-purchase law.

We are sorry to hear men of influential position argue that prompt action is after all not needed, because the revenues of the government are likely soon to increase and to produce a surplus, when the accumulation of legal tenders in the Treasury will have the virtual effect of a retirement of them. This is true enough; but extravagant appropriations by Congress or another business disturbance might at any time drive the legal tenders out again, and the country would be in the same condition as now. A lurking distrust at home and abroad would meanwhile remain.

We are sorry to hear also that some Republican leaders will not permit action by the present Democratic Congress, wishing to save all the political capital to be coined out of the solution of the problem for the Republicans. Those who speak thus are poor patriots and poor party politicians. The Republicans will have the more credit the sooner their votes become conspicuous in serving the urgent needs of the country.

We are equally sorry to hear some men of substantially our way of thinking say that legislation for retiring the legal tenders should only form part of a complete banking law. It might have been argued with the same reason that the repeal of the silver-purchase act should have been enacted only as a part of a complete currency reform bill. Let President CLEVELAND go on pounding his object-lesson into the heads of slow-thinking people. Let him, if the present Congress shows itself incapable of decisive action, at once call an extra session for the special purpose of having such action. Let public opinion, demanding that "the greenbacks must go," exercise its full power upon the politicians in Congress; and as soon as the retirement of the legal tenders is effectively begun, it will be found that the principal obstacle not only to the revival of business confidence, but also to the enactment of a satisfactory banking law, will have disappeared.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE COUNTRY.

THE suggestions offered to the Republican party by the WEEKLY in its issue of December 29th have not been received in the proper spirit by some of the party organs. They have announced that the Republican party needs no advice from mugwumps, that it can take care of itself, and that it will look after the country in its own way. One Republican newspaper, published in an intelligent New England community, goes further, and asserts that "the duty of the Republicans, just now, is very clear and very simple. It is to let the Democrats stay in the bottom of the deep and dark hole they have digged for themselves; to do nothing whatever that will tend to remove the least particle of the slime they have plastered themselves with."

Now all this is the talk that is inspired by the pride that goeth before a fall. DAVID B. HILL indulged in it, until a great and significant silence fell upon him after the response of the people last November. Mr. CROKER was like-minded, until, with the prescience of the traditional rodent, he fled from the leadership of Tammany Hall. Governor FLOWER refused to take advice, and was otherwise so aggressively conscious of his own sufficiency that even the purblind HILL did not dare to renominate him. This is the way, too, in which Mr. REED, Mr. MCKINLEY, and other Republican leaders talked early in 1890, and before they realized that the people of this country have definite views on the tariff question. Both parties have found it unwise to ignore or flout the advice of the mugwumps, or independents, and our Republican friends may rest assured that it will continue to be perilous to despise the voters who hold the fate of parties in their hands. In truth, they were placed in power at the last election by the independent voters. The Democratic politicians are consoling themselves by figuring out the proof that their party was beaten because the Democratic voters staid at home. There is no rational consolation in that. The voters who stay at home because they do not approve of either party are among the most potent and effective forces in our politics. Enough Republicans with consciences staid at home in 1890 to turn Mr. REED out of the Speakership, and Mr. MCKINLEY out of Congress altogether, and in 1892 they sat at home and gladly saw Mr. HARRISON tumbled out of the Presidency. The stay-at-home who believes in his party's principles and disapproves of his party's leaders is a corrective force of great value. He and the more aggressive and determined man who records his thought and passion by a vote against the existing wrong are the safeguards of the republic. The results of the last three national elections ought to convince the dullest partisan that this great body of good citizens, which numbers enough to make the aggregate majority one way or the other run into the million, does not intend to permit party government for party ends. It will insist that the party in power shall consider, first of all, the welfare of the country. Wise party leaders know this. They realize the truth of the old maxim that he serves his party best who serves his country best.

Fortunately for the Republican party, the spirit manifested by the few newspapers to which we have alluded is not the spirit of the real leaders. In the article to which reference is made, on "Republican Opportunity and Duty," it was stated, as a matter for general congratulation, that Mr. REED and other leaders of importance, and some of the chief journals of the party, had been moved to seriousness by the victory, the great extent of which was a surprise and a warning to them; for a warning is certainly to be read in the great majorities that demonstrate both the power of the people and the intelligence with which they exercise it. But to the others who may have it in their minds to bring to naught the counsels of the wiser heads of the party, or to drive them from the better purpose with which they have been inspired by the great responsibility thrust upon them, it is well not only to recall the folly of arrogant partisanship, but to remind them that the country is greater than either party, and is the single object which parties should consider when they are in power.

The idea that the Republicans in Congress at the present session owe no duty to the country, while not treasonable within the narrow definition of the Constitution, is treasonable within the broader purview of the moral law. If minorities owe no duty to the country, why have minorities at all? Why not leave the majority unchecked? To do so would be the logical sequence of the contention that the Republicans in Congress may look on while the Democratic majority flounders in the welter of its dissensions and varied ignorances and incapacities. The conclusion is an absurdity, but it is absolutely logical. The country is in dire distress, and these partisans propose that they shall gain by refusing to help it out of its trouble. If the sound-money Democrats are actively aided by the sound-money Republicans a substantial and thorough currency bill may not be passed, but the troubles that come from doubt, uncertainty, despair of good results, and dread of what the future has in store for us may be set at rest and dissipated by a bill authorizing Mr. CLEVELAND to appoint a monetary commission. And to this some Republicans will not consent, because they want to gain what small advantage may come to them from Democratic blundering and incompetence. They even ask why they should not assume this attitude, and under what obligation their party may be to help those among the Democratic leaders who have sound

views in their efforts to relieve the country's distress. These questions are not asked by a foreigner who has just come to the country, and who is ignorant of our institutions, but by a presumably intelligent man, probably a native of New England, and an editor of a daily newspaper. It is necessary, in the last years of the nineteenth century, and after the republic has been in existence for more than a hundred years, to tell such a man that his party will basely betray the country if it uses its power, whether it be the power of a majority or of a minority, to gain advantage for itself by prolonging the distress of the people. If the questioner had stopped to think for a moment he would have realized that the course which he advises would be the meanest kind of treachery to the voters who have turned to the Republican party for relief. Why should Republicans help Democrats to do their duty? Because it is their duty also—the common duty of patriots. Happily, even if party bigotry succeeds in turning the Republican leaders from what it is to be hoped is their present purpose, it will have to reckon in 1896 with the civic virtue which transformed the Democratic majorities of 1890 and 1892 into the Republican majority of 1894.

THE THREATENED COMMERCIAL WAR.

THE modern phase of protectionism is the international tariff war. France has retaliated for duties levied by foreign countries on her products. Germany and Russia continued a commercial strife until the demands of the growers of wheat and the consumers of bread compelled a truce. And now the United States find themselves likely to become the victims of retaliatory measures threatened by continental Europe. At the root of this war is the discriminating duty imposed by the new tariff law on the sugars raised in countries paying its producers a bounty. It is not Germany alone that is threatening reprisals. Nearly all continental Europe is raising its hand against American products. And as it is the American farmer, the breeder of cattle, and the grower of breadstuffs or of cotton, who is our chief exporter, it is he who must suffer most by reason of this consequence of the tax levied for the greater enrichment of the Sugar Trust.

It is the duty of Congress to meet the new perils by which our agricultural interests, already complaining under the burdens of hard times, are menaced. Mr. WILSON has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives repealing the one-tenth of a cent discriminating duty to which the German government objects. Steps have been taken in the Senate looking to the accomplishment of the same end. It is said that the bill will pass if the Republican Senators do not offer factious opposition. It is to be hoped not only that they will not offer such opposition, but that they will actively assist in the passage of a measure so vital to the interests of those who have suffered most from what we must now recognize as one of the most extravagant follies of the protective system.

Above all, there should be no attempt at retaliation on the part of this government. The Germans and Belgians pretend that our meat is to be kept out of their countries on account of cattle disease prevailing here. Secretary MORTON is reported as urging that German wines be prohibited from entering this country because of their adulteration. This is childish trifling with a grave subject. Commercial wars are less civilized and much less dignified than wars of arms inspired by international anger. The remedy and preventive of commercial war is in our own hands. The existing tariff on sugar, imposed at the dictation of an impudent monopoly, is the cause of the threats to close the ports of Europe against our agricultural products.

AN UNPROMISING BEGINNING.

IT is not by Governor MORTON'S promising message that the new State administration and Legislature will be judged. The Republicans were successful in the last election because of the corruption of Democratic leaders. The magnitude and far-reaching consequences of that corruption were due to the alliance of the leaders of the Democratic party with Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT and the Republicans who gave him their allegiance. So far as this city is concerned, the victory was over Plattism as much as over Crokerism. CROKER and Tammany went down, for the time at least. Whether PLATT has also gone down remains to be seen. The corruption against which good citizens rose in virtuous revolt was bipartisan. If PLATT has retained his power, bipartisanship, which is a name for the worst and most dangerous form of corruption, has not yet been defeated. If PLATT controls the new Legislature, the people of New York have won a barren victory, and CROKER'S crew, with or without CROKER himself, are bound to flourish again in this unhappy city.

It has been the hope of reformers who have borne the brunt of the conflict that the popular indignation aroused and manifested against PLATT would deter the Republican legislators from resuming their servile obedience to him. It is probable that PLATT himself has not been without misgivings, but he has maintained a bold front, and has not hesitated to attack the reformers, especially singling out Dr. PARKHURST, with his customary cynical indifference to what good men have been saying of him. He has insisted that bipartisanship shall prevail in the government of this city, and this in the face of the revelations made before the LEXOW committee that the terrible rottenness of the police force is due to that very system.

The municipal legislation that PLATT will favor this winter at Albany will be in the interest of the horde of plunderers whom Mr. GOFF has dragged out into the light and held up to public detestation. MCCLAVE, WILLIAMS, and STEVENSON are Republicans, and their partners are SHEEHAN, MARTIN, DEVERY, SCHMITTBERGER, and other Democrats. They are the joint products of the bipartisanship which PLATT desires to impose upon all the departments of government in this city.

At the beginning of the session PLATT has won an ominous triumph. For some reason best known to himself he has discarded MALBY, the Speaker of the last Assembly, who did his bidding with a loyalty that brought great discredit upon him, and has taken up Mr. HAMILTON FISH, to whom heretofore he has been opposed. Through the agency of the notorious "LEW." PAYNE, PLATT'S henchman, FISH has been elected Speaker. This is PLATT'S triumph. Will the new Speaker continue in bondage to this dangerous boss? This is a question of vital import to all good citizens.

Mr. FISH'S record in the Legislature does not inspire confidence. He has been an ally of Tammany and an enemy of reform. But some of those who know him hope that he will turn his back on PLATT, now that he has achieved his ambition. He bears an honored name. His father was a gentleman as well as a statesman. He was Governor, Secretary of State, Senator, and he was honest, pure, uncontaminated amid corruption, and fearless. He was a Republican partisan, like his son the Speaker, but he was also, and above that, a lover of his country and a foe to scoundrels. Will the HAMILTON FISH of to-day bring disgrace upon the name of the HAMILTON FISH who died a few months ago, honored by his fellow-countrymen, or will he turn his back upon the wretched politician who is devoting all his great energies to the task of turning to naught the victory of last November? Will he serve the people, regain their confidence, and save his own honor, or will he be a bipartisan?

A SURVEY OF FOREIGN POLITICS.

A GLANCE over the political events of the past year in foreign lands reveals many facts of deep significance. Some have been anticipated by those who have watched carefully the undercurrents of European and Asiatic politics; others have come like thunder-bolts out of a clear sky.

The most conspicuous is doubtless the China-Korea-Japan war. That the two great nations would in time measure strength few have doubted. That preliminary success would rest with Japan every one expected, but that Peking would be really endangered and China be so thoroughly humiliated, that Japanese generals would show such marked strategic and organizing ability, and Japanese soldiers such discipline and self-restraint—these facts have come as a surprise to the civilized world, which stands ready to believe almost anything possible during the coming year.

Next perhaps to the struggle in eastern Asia, public attention has turned to Russia. Notwithstanding the threats of nihilists, Czar ALEXANDER III. died in his bed, and Czar NICHOLAS II. walks abroad among his people, trusting to their loyalty for the personal safety of himself and his bride, courts the favor of the press, promises reform in the administration of government, and perhaps a representative legislature, and appears to be convinced that the welfare of his people will be best served not only by peace, but by friendship with the government with which they come most into contact, and which they have hitherto regarded as a deadly enemy.

In England and Germany it is the expected that has happened. Mr. GLADSTONE'S retirement had long been recognized as inevitable, as was also the consequent weakening of the Liberal party through divided counsels and the demands of Irish, Labor, and Non-conformist constituents. Home-rule has not been accomplished, the House of Lords still exists, disestablishment is for the future, and the working-men are not satisfied.

Emperor WILLIAM II. has been this year, as before, an enigma to any but those who have observed other attempts to reconcile absolute monarchy with popular representation. His reconciliation with BISMARCK, his dismissal of CAPRIVI and EULENBERG and his appointment of HOHENLOHE, his willingness to renew cordial relations with the Vatican, his plans for universal pensions, and his assertion of his divine right to do all these and anything more that he may choose, may seem strange to an American. To a German they are natural.

That France could stand the strain of the exposure of public men during the past two years, and the excitement attendant on the assassination of President CARNOT, and at the close of the year be a more prominent factor than ever in general politics, is a singular proof of her substantial strength. Italy holds her own, although she has been in a state of chronic disturbance on account of the heavy taxation and the revelation of frauds in the administration of the finances. So also Austria has been at peace, despite the violent disputes over the civil-marriage bill and electoral reform in Hungary. For a time Belgium bade fair to be a disturbing element in general European politics on account of the rush for suffrage reform, and serious complications with France and Germany seemed imminent. The cloud has passed by, but it has made more evident than conservative people have liked to acknowledge that the element that killed CARNOT, refuses common courtesy to WILLIAM II., threatens CRISPI, and stirred Barcelona as no Spanish city has been stirred for a long time, is one that may work much mischief in the near future. Repressive measures are receiving hearty endorsement from French and Germans alike, but some query, in view of Russia's experience, whether they will prove very efficacious.

Turkey exists nearly twenty years after the Treaty of San Stefano was replaced by the Treaty of Berlin, notwithstanding the fact that not a single provision of that treaty has been kept. There appears, however, to be a prospect of change. Throughout the year misgovernment of the worst type has resulted in oppression, revolution, and outrage, until, as the year closes, the great powers are in consultation, the Sultan is uneasy, and the Armenians are hopeful, while the world at large cares very little who goes in if only the Turk goes out. Egypt has had a semi-crisis, resulting in an increased appreciation by the young Khedive of the firmness of England's grasp. Morocco has lost Sultan MULEY HASSAN, who has been replaced by his legitimate successor, under the combined patronage of Great Britain, Spain, France, and Italy.

In general there has been peace in Africa. The French have extended their rule in the west, securing a favorable treaty with the Congo Free State, and have occupied Timbuctoo. The English have declared a protectorate over Uganda, and CECIL RHODES has spread his net over one section after another, until the Boers are fearful and angry, and a grave French statesman urged that they take Madagascar while they could, else Mr. RHODES would seize it for a new empire. The landing of French troops and the occupation of Tamatave have roused the loyalty of the Hovas, and wise heads in Paris wish that they had been content with "influence."

India, Afghanistan, and the Pamirs have been quiet, though there were disturbing rumors of the Ameer's sickness and death. In the East Indies the Sultan of Lombok achieved a signal success against the Dutch, but they soon rallied, and he was compelled to yield. Spain and Germany seem not to enjoy fully their island possessions in the Pacific, while England has extended hers. The Republic of Hawaii has gained general recognition, and seems well established, though annexation to the United States is still longed for by some of the leaders.

Turning to this continent, Brazil is at peace. Peru has had a crisis and change of government, and there has been the usual lack of stability in the other Spanish-American states, resulting in a revolution in Salvador, and a contest between Nicaragua and the Indians of the Mosquito Coast, which has ended in Nicaragua's perfecting her authority over the coast. Canada has lost her premier, to whom more than to any other man were due her friendly relations with the mother-country, and Newfoundland is in political convulsions because there is no currency except that issued by bankrupt banks.

BICYCLE-RIDING.

THE bicycle is the fastest vehicle propelled by animal power. As for the distance that may be gone over in a given time, the bicycler and his machine have far outstripped both trotters and runners. Bicycling, moreover, has great charms for those who have neither the capacity nor desire to attain great bursts of speed. The exercise is as pleasant as horseback-riding, and very much cheaper. But no matter how general the use of the bicycle may become, walking is not likely to lose its devotees. Daily walks must be taken within a limited horizon, however, while the regular bicycle-rider's area is extended amazingly. It has been asserted with some authority that the same effort that is required to walk one mile will propel a bicycle six miles. Bicycle-riders, at least, will not dispute this assumption. Now let us see what are the consequences of this increased capacity. A man who lives in a suburban district, in his walks around his home, if he be an average walker, will go two and a half miles out and the same distance back, making his walk five miles. In his various excursions he is likely to explore the district about his home for two and a half miles in every accessible direction, and if roads be plenty he may become acquainted with the general features of the landscape within an area of about twenty square miles. The same man on a bicycle will extend his radius to six times two and a half miles, and will therefore make fifteen miles out and fifteen miles back. He will thus have so broadened the domain of his observation that he may explore the country embraced within 707 square miles. Vigorous walkers who go five miles out and back enjoy a territory of seventy-eight miles; but this vigorous and ambitious man, if the six to one assumption hold good, would on the bicycle extend his excursions to thirty miles out and thirty back, so that he in time would have for his own all there is of beauty and instruction in 2827.4 square miles.

The cheapness of bicycling as compared with horseback-riding is worthy of consideration. A bicycle costs from $100 to $150; a horse costs from $200 to very much larger sums. The keep of a horse is at least $30 a month, including the charges of the farrier and veterinary; the cost of a bicycle for repairs ought not to be $3 a month; indeed, many of the makers guarantee them for a certain time, and make repairs without charge. So first cost and maintenance are both in favor of the machine.

With good roads in this country the rule, instead of, as now, the exception—and we shall surely have good roads before the next century is very old—the bicycle will enable its riders to learn their land more intimately and extensively than they dream of knowing it now.

COLONEL GEORGE E. WARING, JUN.
From a photograph by Gutekunst.—[See Page 31.]

JOHN J. BRESNAN.
Late Battalion Chief, New York Fire Department.

JOHN L. ROONEY.
Late Assistant Foreman, New York Fire Department.

FIRE HEROES.

JOHN J. BRESNAN and John L. Rooney, who were killed at the fire at No. 124 West Twenty-fourth Street last Saturday, were typical New York firemen. Fighting fire had been the pleasure as well as the work of both of them since earliest manhood. They gave their lives cheerfully to save the lives of others. Although the blaze they were trying to subdue was in a factory, there were many tenement-houses near at hand, and there was great danger that if the flames spread the dwellers in those houses would be in peril. Bresnan was a battalion chief in the Fire Department, and Rooney was an assistant foreman. Neither one of them ever sent his men into dangerous places. Together they marched this time at the head of a score of workers. Bresnan was in command. The fire was spreading from the fifth floor in every direction. Leaving their hosemen in good position to throw water upon the flames, Bresnan and Rooney went across the iron bridge that spanned a broad court in the middle of the building, and began to search for another good point of attack. They were now on the fourth floor, almost directly under the heart of the fire. It was two hours before daybreak, and they groped their way with lanterns. After much searching they found a locked door. If this could be broken down, water could be thrown upward on the blaze. Bresnan went back to the end of the area bridge and called for an axeman. Then he returned to the door, where Rooney was waiting for him.

Axeman John Kuch had crossed the bridge, and had almost reached the door, when he was thrown backward by a mass of timbers and iron that overwhelmed him with a frightful crash. The flames had eaten away the girders of the roof, and a tank containing 3000 gallons of water fell, crushing the already weakened fifth floor beneath it. Bresnan and Rooney were in the ruin. Rooney's death was instantaneous; but Bresnan, although pinned down by beams and wreckage, called to his comrades for help. Kuch could do nothing. A dozen strokes of his axe gained his freedom. He was on the edge of the pile. The other firemen tried to chop their way to Bresnan's side, but gusts of flame and thick clouds of smoke drove them back as often as they came on. Nothing was left to do but to throw water on the timbers. Assistant-foreman Hennessy and five other men who were close behind Kuch were rescued from the trap, bruised and scorched. Chief Bresnan's voice was not heard after his first outcry.

John J. Bresnan was born in this city forty-nine years ago. He lived for years in the old Sixth Ward, on the lower East Side. He was an ingenious lad, and long before he had grown to manhood he built a small model fire-engine, which he gave to a boy smaller than himself. As soon as he was old enough he joined Fulton Engine Company, No. 21, of the Volunteer Department. When the present paid Fire Department was instituted, in 1865, Bresnan became a member of Engine Company No. 31. From then until the end he was one of the best men in the department. Promotion came slowly, and it was not until 1880 that he rose to the rank of Chief of the Sixth Battalion.

It is exceedingly difficult to tell how many lives Bresnan saved. His comrades can remember thirty within the last ten years, but this period covers less than one-third of his career. It was his rule never to report any of his rescues. He was scrupulous always to give the fullest details of the brave work of his men, but he managed to forget his own daring acts as soon as they were done. Nevertheless, he received honorable mention on the records of the Fire Department for bravery in rescuing a family from a burning tenement in Second Avenue on June 13, 1888. He was one of a life-saving party, and some one else reported his name.

No man was prouder of New York than John Bresnan. He knew the history of his city as well as most of us know our own. An error in any publication relating to New York was sure to rouse his indignation. His love for the art of fire-fighting was absorbing. Every fact that could aid in this work was in his memory, no matter to what part of his district he was called. His knowledge, for example, of tenement-house construction was so extensive and thorough that he gave much valuable help to the Tenement-house Committee.

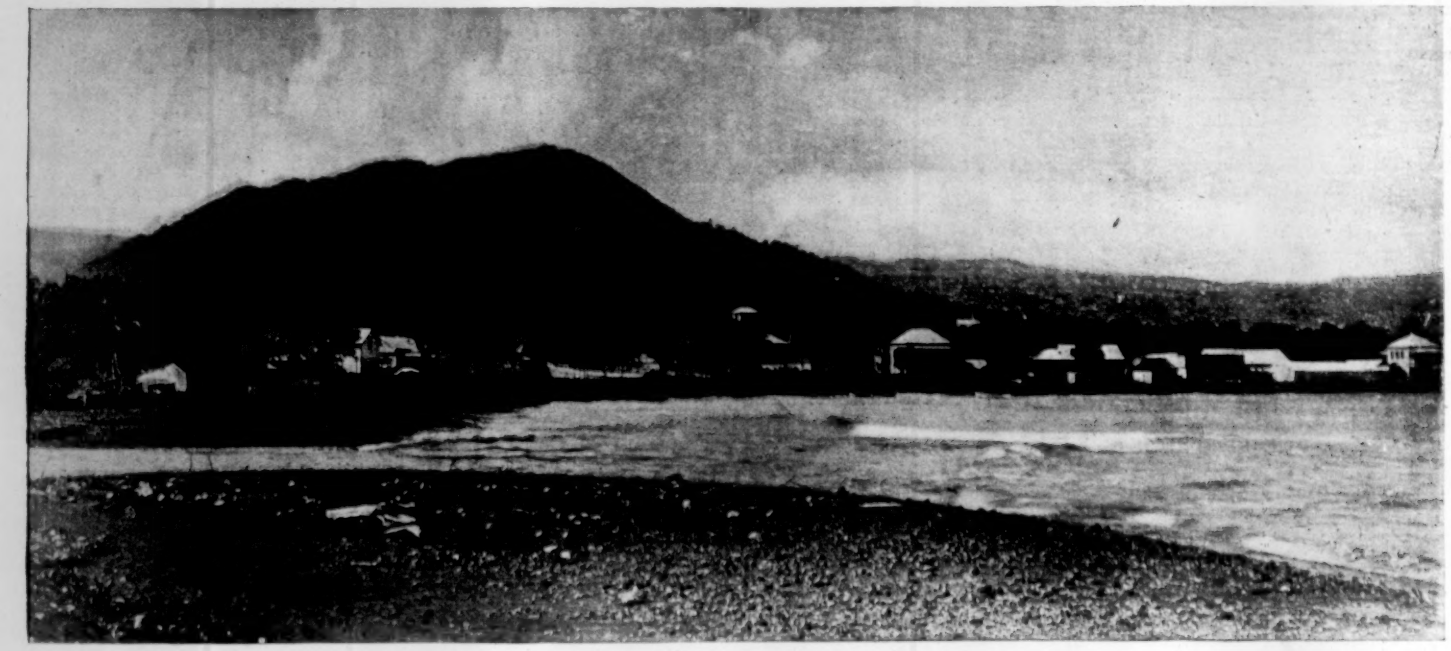
"My first acquaintance with Bresnan," said Richard Watson Gilder recently, "was formed upon reading in a newspaper one evening that a child had been burned in a tenement-house fire. I went over to the engine-house and introduced myself to Bresnan. He immediately had his horse hitched up and drove me to the house. From that beginning he took the deepest interest in the work of the committee. He took me with him to many fires. His accurate, scientific knowledge of how to deal with fires was something to wonder at. He had precise knowledge of fire dangers, and the best means of avoiding them by fire-proof construction. He knew the botany of a fire; he knew its seed and stalk and flower; the effects of different methods of construction upon it. His suggestions for building so as to prevent the spread of fire and smoke were of great value.

"While other members of the Fire Department have been of great use, and most willing and efficient in services rendered to the committee, no one else has given it so much time and enthusiasm as Bresnan. It will be found that he will have impressed himself upon remedial legislation. His advice and suggestion will have much to do with framing bills to be presented by the committee, which, it is hoped, will become laws.

"One of the most exciting incidents in my life was driving to a fire with Bresnan through one of the most crowded parts of the East Side. Without sounding the gong once he drove through the crowd without endangering one life. The quick ring of his horse's hoofs on the pavement was the only bell."

John L. Rooney was born in this city in 1848. He had been a fireman since 1872. When the old *World* building was burned in Park Row, on January 31, 1882, Rooney rescued Miss Ida Small from a window in the fourth story. The ladder thrown up by the firemen was so short that the girl swung five feet above Rooney's head as he stood on the highest rung. He stepped down, gripped the rungs with his legs, and told Miss Small to drop. He caught her in his arms and carried her to the street unhurt. For this almost impossible feat Rooney received the Bennett Medal, and Miss Small's friends gave him a suitably engraved gold watch. This watch was in his pocket when he died.

Bresnan and Rooney left families of children. Bresnan's are motherless. A fund is being raised for the families, and subscriptions may be sent to Ashbel P. Fitch, Comptroller of this city, at No. 280 Broadway.



VIEW OF APIA, THE CAPITAL OF SAMOA.
Robert Louis Stevenson's Grave is on the Summit of the Mountain.

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER II.

THE ORDEAL.

IT was wonderful how quickly the room filled—filled with angry faces, so that almost before I knew, myself, what had happened, I found a crowd round me asking what it was, M. de St. Alais foremost. As all spoke at once, and in the background, where they could not see, ladies were screaming and chattering, I might have found it difficult to explain. But the shattered window and the great stone on the floor spoke for themselves, and told more quickly than I could what had taken place.

On the instant, with a speed which surprised me, the sight blew into a flame passions already smouldering in the breasts of most of those present. A dozen voices cried, "Out on the insolent canaille!" Some one in the background followed this up with "Swords, messieurs, swords!" And in a trice half the gentlemen were elbowing one another towards the door, headed by St. Alais, who burned to avenge the insult offered to his guests. M. de Gontaut and one or two of the elders tried to restrain him, but in vain. In a moment the room was almost emptied of men. They poured out into the street in a body, and began to scour it with drawn blades looking for the offenders. A dozen valets, running out with flambeaux to light them, aided in the search, and for a few minutes the street, as we who remained viewed it from the windows, seemed to be alive with moving lights and figures.

But the rascals who had flung the stone, whatever the motive which had inspired them, had fled in time, and presently our party returned, some a little ashamed of their violence, some laughing as they entered, and bewailing their silk stockings and spattered shoes; while others, less fashionable or more impetuous, continued to denounce the insult and threaten vengeance. At another time the act might have seemed trivial, a mere childish insult; but in the strained state of public feeling it had an unpleasant and menacing air which was not lost on the more thoughtful. During the absence of the street party the draught from the broken window had blown a curtain against some candles and set it alight; the stuff had been torn down with little damage, but it still smoked among the débris on the floor, and this, with the startled faces of the ladies and the shattered glass, gave a look of disorder and ruin to the room, where a few minutes before all had worn so seemly and festive an air.

It did not surprise me, therefore, that St. Alais's face, stern enough at his entrance, grew darker as he looked round. "Where is my sister?" he said, abruptly—almost rudely.

"Here," Madame la Marquise answered. Denise had flown long before to her side, and was clinging to her.

"She is not hurt?"

"No," madame answered, playfully tapping the girl's cheek. "M. de Saux had most reason to complain."

"Save me from my friends, eh, monsieur?" St. Alais said, with an unpleasant smile.

I started. The words were not much in themselves, but the sneer underlying them was plain. I could scarcely pass it by. "If you think, M. le Marquis," I said, sharply, "that I know anything of this outrage—"

"That *you* know anything? *Ma foi*, no!" he replied, lightly, and with a courtly gesture of deprecation. "We have not fallen to that yet. That any gentleman in this company should sink to play the fellow to those—is not possible. But I think we may draw a useful lesson from this, messieurs," he continued, turning from me and addressing the company, "a lesson to hold our own, or we shall soon lose all."

A hum of approbation ran round the room.

"To maintain privileges, or we shall lose rights!"

Twenty voices were raised in stern consent.

"To stand now," the Marquis continued, his color high, his hand raised—"or never!"

"Then now! Now!" The cry rose from a hundred throats of men and women. In a moment the room seemed to throb with enthusiasm, with the pulse of resolve. Men's eyes grew bright under the candles, they breathed quickly and with heightened color. Even the weakest felt the influence; the fool who had prated of the social contract and the rights of man was as loud as any. "Now! Now!" they cried.

What followed on that I have never thoroughly understood, nor whether it was a thing arranged, or merely an inspiration born of the common enthusiasm. But while the windows still shook with that shout, and every eye was on him, M. de St. Alais stepped forward, the most gallant and princely of figures, and with a splendid gesture drew his sword.

"Messieurs!" he cried, "we are of one mind, of one voice. Let us therefore be in the fashion. If, while all the world is fighting to get and hold, we, we alone stand still and on the defensive, we court attack, and what is worse, defeat. Let us unite, then, while it is still time, and show that, in Quercy at least, our order will stand or fall together. You have heard of the oath of the Tennis Court and the 20th of June. Let us, too, take an oath—this 22d of July—not with uplifted hands, like a club of wordy debaters promising all things to all men, but with uplifted swords. As nobles and gentlemen let us swear to stand by the rights, the privileges, and the exemptions of our order!"

A shout that made the candles flicker and jump, that filled the street and was heard even in the distant market-place, greeted the proposal. Some drew their swords at once and flourished them above their heads, while ladies waved their kerchiefs. But more cried, "To the larger room! To the larger room!" and on the instant, as if obeying an order, the company turned that way and, flushed and eager, pressed through the narrow doorway into the next room.

There may have been some among them less enthusiastic than others, some more earnest in show than at heart, but none I am sure who followed so slowly, so reluctantly, with so heavy a heart and sure a presage of evil, as I did. I foresaw the dilemma, but angry, hot-faced, and uncertain, could discern no way out of it. If I could have escaped and slipped out at the moment, I would have done so without scruple; but the stairs were on the farther side of the great room, a dense crowd cut me off from them, and to crown all I felt that St. Alais's eye was upon me, and that, if he had not framed the ordeal to meet my case and extort my support whether I would or no, he was at least determined, now his blood was fired, that I should not evade it.

Still I lingered near the inner door hoping; but the Marquis on reaching the middle of the room mounted a chair and turned round, and so contrived still to face me. The mob of gentlemen formed themselves round him, the younger and more tumultuous uttering loud cries of "Vive la noblesse!" and a fringe of ladies encircled all. The lights, the brilliant dresses and jewels, the impassioned faces, the waving kerchiefs and bright eyes, rendered the scene one to be remembered, though at the moment I was conscious only of St. Alais's gaze.

"Messieurs," he cried, "draw your swords, if you please!"

They flashed out at the word with a steely glitter which the mirrors reflected. M. de St. Alais passed his eye slowly round, while all waited for the word. He stopped; his eye was on me. "M. de Saux," he said, politely, "we are waiting for you."

Naturally all turned; I strove to mutter something, and made him a gesture with my hand to go on. But I was too much confused to speak clearly, and my only hope was that he would comply out of prudence.

But that was the last thing he thought of doing. "Will you take your place, monsieur?" he said, smoothly.

Then I could escape no longer. A hundred eyes, some resentful, some curious, rested on me. My face burned. "I cannot do so," I answered, hoarsely.

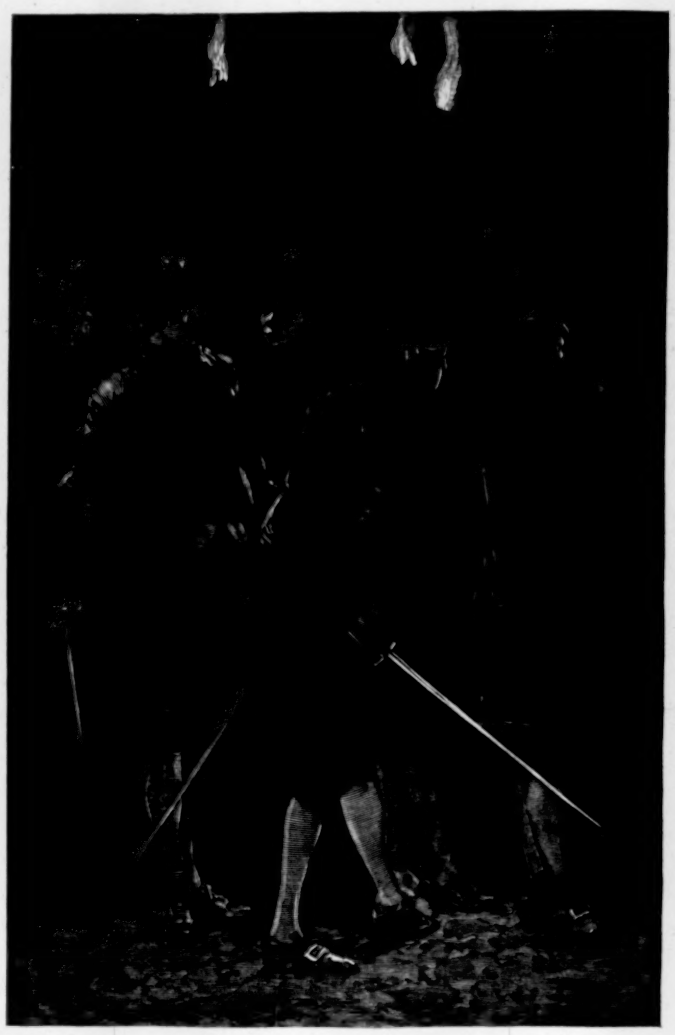
There fell a great silence from one end of the room to the other. "Why not, monsieur, if I may ask?" St. Alais said, still smoothly.

"Because I am not—entirely at one with you," I stammered, meeting all eyes as bravely as I could. "My opinions are known, M. de St. Alais," I went on, more steadfastly. "I cannot swear."

He stayed with his hand a dozen who would have cried out upon me. "Gently, messieurs," he said, with a gesture of dignity, "gently, if you please. This is no place for threats. M. de Saux is my guest, and I have too great a respect for him not to respect his scruples. But I think that there is another way. I shall not venture to argue with him myself. But, madame," he continued, smiling as he turned with an inimitable air to his mother, "I think that if you would permit Mademoiselle de St. Alais to play the recruiting sergeant for this one time, she could not fail to heal the breach."

A murmur of laughter and subdued applause, a flutter of fans and women's eyes, greeted the proposal. But for a moment Madame la Marquise, smiling and sphinxlike, stood still and did not speak. Then she turned to her daughter, who, at the mention of her name, had cowered back, shrinking from sight. "Go, Denise," she said, simply. "Ask M. de Saux to honor you by becoming your recruit."

"'M. DE SAUX,' HE SAID, POLITELY, 'WE ARE WAITING FOR YOU.'"



"THE STREET SEEMED TO BE ALIVE WITH MOVING LIGHTS AND FIGURES."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

The girl came forward slowly and with a visible tremor, and never shall I forget the misery of that moment, or the shame and obstinacy that alternately surged through my brain as I awaited her, while thought, quicker than lightning, showed me the trap into which I had fallen—a trap far more horrible than the dilemma I had foreseen. The poor girl herself, as she stood before me, tortured by shyness, and stammering her little petition in words barely intelligible, was not the least part of my pain.

For to refuse her, in face of all these people, seemed a thing impossible. It seemed a thing as brutal as to strike her; an act as cruel, as churlish, as unworthy of a gentleman as to trample any helpless sensitive thing underfoot. And I felt that, to the utmost. But I felt also that to assent was to turn my back on consistency and my life; to submit to be a dupe, the victim of a ruse, to be a coward, though every one there might applaud me. I saw both these things, and for a moment I hesitated between rage and pity; while lights and fair faces, inquisitive or scornful, shifted mazily before my eyes. At last, "Mademoiselle, I cannot," I muttered. "I cannot."

"Monsieur!"

It was not the girl's word, but madame's, and it rang high and sharp through the room, so that I thanked God for the intervention. It cleared in a moment the confusion from my brain. I became myself. I turned to her; I bowed. "No, madame, I cannot," I said, firmly, doubting no longer, but stubborn, defiant, and resolute. "My opinions are known. And I will not even for mademoiselle's sake give the lie to them."

As the last word fell from my lips a glove flung by an unseen hand struck me on the cheek; then for a moment the room seemed to go mad. Amid a storm of hisses, of "*Vaurien**!" and "*A bas le traître!*" a dozen blades were brandished in my face, a dozen challenges were flung at my head. I had not learned at that time how excitable is a crowd, how much less merciful than any member of it; and surprised and deafened by the tumult, which the shrieks of the ladies did not tend to diminish, I recoiled a pace.

M. de St. Alais took advantage of the moment. He sprang down, and thrusting aside the blades which threatened me, flung himself in front of me. "Messieurs, listen!" he cried above the uproar. "Listen, I beg! This gentleman is my guest. He is no longer of us, but he must go unharmed. A way! A way, if you please, for M. le Vicomte de Saux."

They obeyed him reluctantly, and standing to one side or the other, presently opened a way across the room to the door. He turned to me and bowed low, his courtliest bow. "This way, M. le Vicomte, if you please," he said. "Madame la Marquise will not trespass on your time any longer."

I followed him with a burning face down the lane of shining parquet, under the chandelier, between the lines of mocking eyes, and not a man interposed. In dead silence I followed him to the door. There St. Alais stood aside and bowed to me and I to him, and I walked out mechanically.

I was in the lobby. The crowd of peeping, grinning lackeys that filled it stared at me, all eyes; but I was scarcely conscious of their impertinence or their presence. Until I reached the street, and the cold air revived me, I went like a man stunned and unable to think. The blow had fallen on me suddenly—so unexpectedly.

My first feeling, when I came a little to myself, was rage. I had gone into M. de St. Alais's house that evening possessing everything. I came out stripped of my friends, my reputation, my betrothed! I had gone in trusting to his friendship, the friendship that was a tradition in our families, and he had worsted me by a trick. I stood in the street and groaned as I thought of it, as I pictured the sorry figure I had cut amongst them, and reflected on what was before me.

For, after all, I began to think that I had been a fool, that in reason I should have given way. I could not, as I stood in the street there, foresee the future, nor know for certain that the old France was passing, and that even now in Paris its death-knell had gone forth. I had to live by the opinion of the people round me; to think, as I paced the streets, how I should face the company tomorrow, whether I should fly or whether I should fight. In the meeting on the morrow—

Ah, the Assembly! The word turned my thoughts in a moment into a new channel. There I could have my revenge. That I might not raise a jarring note *there* they had cajoled me, and when cajolery failed, had insulted me. Well, I would show them that the new way would succeed no better than the old, and that where they had thought to suppress a Saux they had raised a Mirabeau. Henceforth I passed the night in a fever. Resentment spurred ambition; rage against my caste, a love of the people. Every sign of misery and famine that had passed before my eyes during the day recurred now, and was garnered for use. The early daylight found me still pacing my room, still thinking, composing, reciting. When André, my old body-servant, who had been also my father's, came at seven with a note in his hand, I was still in my clothes.

Doubtless he had heard downstairs a garbled account of what had occurred, and my cheek burned. I took no notice of his gloomy looks, however, but without speaking opened the note. It was not signed, but the handwriting was Louis's.

"Go home," it ran, "and do not show yourself at the Assembly. They will challenge you one by one; the event is certain. Leave Cahors at once, or you are a dead man."

That was all! I smiled bitterly at the weakness of the man who could do no more for his friend than this. "Who gave it to you?" I asked André.

"A servant, monsieur."

"Whose?"

But he muttered that he did not know, and I did not press him. He assisted me to change my dress; when I had done he asked me at what hour I needed the horses.

"The horses! For what?" I said, turning and staring at him.

"To return, monsieur."

"But I do not return to-day," I said in cold displeasure. "What are you thinking of? We came only yesterday."

"True, monsieur," he muttered, continuing to potter over my dressing things, with his back to me. "Still—it is a good day for returning."

* Scoundrel.

"You have been reading this note!" I cried, wrathfully. "Who told you that—"

"All the town knows," he answered, shrugging his shoulders coolly. "It is 'André, take your master home!' and 'André, you have a hot-pate for a master.' And André this and André that, until I am fairly muddled! Gil has a bloody nose fighting a Harincourt lad that called monsieur a fool, but for me, I am too old for fighting. And there is one other thing I am too old for," he continued, sniffing. "And that is, to bury another master."

I waited a minute; then I said, "You think that I shall be killed."

"It is the talk of the town."

I thought a moment. Then, "You served my father, André?" I said.

"Ah, monsieur!"

"Yet you would have me run away?"

He turned to me, and flung up his hands in despair. "*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, "I don't know what I want! We are ruined by those canaille. As if God made them to do anything but dig and work; or we could do without poor. If you had never taken up with them, monsieur—"

"Silence, man!" I said, sternly. "You know nothing about it. Go down now, and another time be more careful. You talk of the canaille and the poor. What are you yourself?"

"I, monsieur?" he cried.

"Yes, you!" I said.

He looked at me with a stare of utter astonishment. Then he shook his head sorrowfully and went out. He began to think me mad.

I considered it probable that if I showed myself in the streets before the Assembly met I should be challenged and forced to fight. I waited therefore until the hour of meeting was past—waited in the dull upper room, feeling the bitterness of isolation, and thinking, sometimes of Louis St. Alais, who had let me go and spoken no word in my behalf, sometimes of men's unreasonableness—for in some of the provinces half of the nobility were of my way of thinking. I thought of Saux too, and I will not say that I felt no temptation to adopt the course which André had suggested: to withdraw quietly thither, and then, at some later time, when men's minds were calmer, to vindicate my courage. But a certain stubbornness, which my father had before me, and which I have heard people say comes of an English strain in the race, conspired with resentment to keep me in the way I had marked out. At a quarter past ten, therefore, when I thought that the last of the members would have preceded me to the Assembly, I went down stairs, with hot cheeks, but eyes that I fancy were stern enough, and finding André and Gil waiting at the door, bade them follow me to the Chapter House beside the Cathedral, where the meetings were held.

Afterwards I was told that had I used my eyes as I passed through the streets, I must have noticed the excitement which everywhere prevailed; the crowd, dense yet silent, that filled the Square and all the neighboring ways; the air of expectancy, the closed shops, the utter cessation of business, the whispering groups in alleys and at doors. But I was wrapped up in myself, like one going on a forlorn hope, and of all remarked only one thing—that as I crossed the Square a man called out "God bless you, monsieur!" and another "Vive Saux!" and that thereon a dozen or more took off their caps. This I did notice, but mechanically only. The next moment I was in the entry which leads alongside one wall of the Cathedral to the Chapter House, and a crowd of clerks and servants, who blocked it almost from wall to wall, were making way for me to pass—not without looks of astonishment and curiosity.

Passing through them, I entered the empty vestibule, which two or three ushers kept clear. The change from sunshine to shadow, from the life and light and stir which prevailed outside to the silence of this vaulted, stone-lined chamber, was so great that it struck a chill to my heart. Here in the grayness and stillness the importance of the step I was about to take, the madness of the challenge I was about to fling down in the teeth of a province, rose before me; and if my mind had not been braced to the utmost by resentment and obstinacy, I must have turned back then. But already my feet rang noisily on the stone pavement and forbade retreat. I could hear a monotonous voice speaking in the chamber beyond the closed door, and I crossed to that door, setting my teeth hard and preparing myself to play the man, whatever awaited me.

Another moment and I should have been in; my hand was almost on the latch, when some one—some one who had been sitting on the stone bench in the shadow under the window—sprang up and hurried to stop me. It was Louis de St. Alais. He reached me before I could open the door, and thrusting himself in front of me, set his back against the panels. "Stop! for God's sake, stop!" he cried, passionately, but keeping his voice low. "What can one do against two hundred? Go back, and I will—"

"*You* will!" I answered with fierce contempt, but in the same low tone; the ushers were staring at us from the door by which I had entered. "*You* will! You will do, I suppose, as much as you did last night, monsieur."

"Never mind that now," he answered, earnestly, though he winced and the color rose to his brow. "Only go! Go to Saux, and—"

"Keep out of the way!"

"Yes," he answered, simply, "and keep out of the way. If you will do that—"

"Keep out of the way?" I said, savagely.

"Yes, yes; then everything will blow over."

"Thank you!" I said, trembling with rage. "And how much, may I ask, are you to have, M. le Comte, for ridding the Assembly of me?"

He stared at me. "Adrien!" he exclaimed.

But I was ruthless. "No, Monsieur le Comte, not Adrien," I said; "I am that only to my friends."

"And I am no longer one?" he ejaculated.

I raised my eyebrows contemptuously. "After last night?" I said. "Is it possible, monsieur, that you fancy you played a friendly part? I came into your house your guest, your friend; and you laid a trap for me, you held me up to ridicule and odium, you—"

"I did?" he exclaimed.

"Perhaps not. But you stood by and saw it done. You stood by and said no word for me; you stood by and raised no finger for me. If you call that friendship—"

He stopped me by a gesture full of dignity. "You forget one thing, M. le Vicomte," he said, in a tone of proud reticence.

"Name it," I said, disdainfully.

"That Mademoiselle de St. Alais is my sister."

"Ah!"

"And that, whether the fault was yours or not, you, last evening, treated her lightly—before two hundred people. You forget that, M. le Vicomte."

"I treated her lightly?" I replied, in a fresh access of rage. We had moved as if by common consent a little from the door, and by this time were glaring into one another's eyes. "And with whom lay the fault if I did? With whom lay the fault, monsieur? You gave me the choice—nay, you forced me to make choice between slighting her and giving up opinions and convictions which I hold, in which I have been bred, in which—"

"*Opinions!*" he said, more harshly than he had yet spoken. "What are, after all, opinions? Pardon me, I see that I annoy you. But I am not philosophic, and I cannot understand a man—"

"Giving up everything for his opinions?" I retorted, sneering savagely. "No, monsieur, I dare say not. If a man will not stand by his friends, he will not stand by his opinions. To do either the one or the other, M. le Comte, a man must not be a coward."

He grew suddenly pale and looked at me strangely. "Hush, monsieur!" he said—involuntarily it seemed. And as he spoke a kind of spasm crossed his face, as if a sharp pain shot through him.

But I was beside myself with passion. "A coward!" I repeated. "Do you understand me, M. le Comte? Or do you wish me to go inside and repeat the word before the Assembly?"

"There is no need," he said, growing as red as he had before been pale.

"There should be none," I answered, with a sneer. "May I conclude, therefore, that you will meet me after the Assembly rises?"

He bowed without speaking, and then, not till then, something in his silence and his looks pierced the armor of my rage, and on a sudden I grew sick and cold. It was too late, however, too late; I had said that which could never be unsaid. The memory of his patience, of his goodness, of his forbearance, came after the event. I saluted him formally, he replied, and I turned grimly to the door again.

But I was not to pass through it yet. I had the latch in my grasp and the door an inch open, when a hand plucked me back so forcibly that the latch rattled as it fell, and I turned in a rage. To my astonishment, it was Louis again, but with a changed face—a face, as it seemed, strangely excited. He retained his hold on me. "No!" he said, between his teeth. "You have called me a coward, M. le Vicomte, and I will not wait. Not an hour. You shall fight me now. There is a garden at the back, and—"

But I had grown as cold as he hot. "I shall do nothing of the kind," I said. "After the Assembly—"

He raised his hand and deliberately struck me with his glove across the face. "Will that persuade you, then?" he said. "After that, monsieur, if you are a gentleman you will fight me. There is a garden at the back, and in ten minutes—"

"In ten minutes the Assembly may have risen," I said.

"I will not keep you ten minutes," he answered, sternly. "Come, sir! Or must I strike you again?"

"I will come," I said, slowly. "After you, monsieur."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SURFACE MINING ON THE MISSABE RANGE.

To one who has always associated mining with dark pits and long chambers underground, a visit to the new iron-fields on the Missabe Range in Minnesota is a revelation.

While the train winds its lonely way through primeval forests of tamarack, birch, and pine for a hundred miles north of Duluth, we shall have time to learn a little about this newest prodigy of the age of iron and steel.

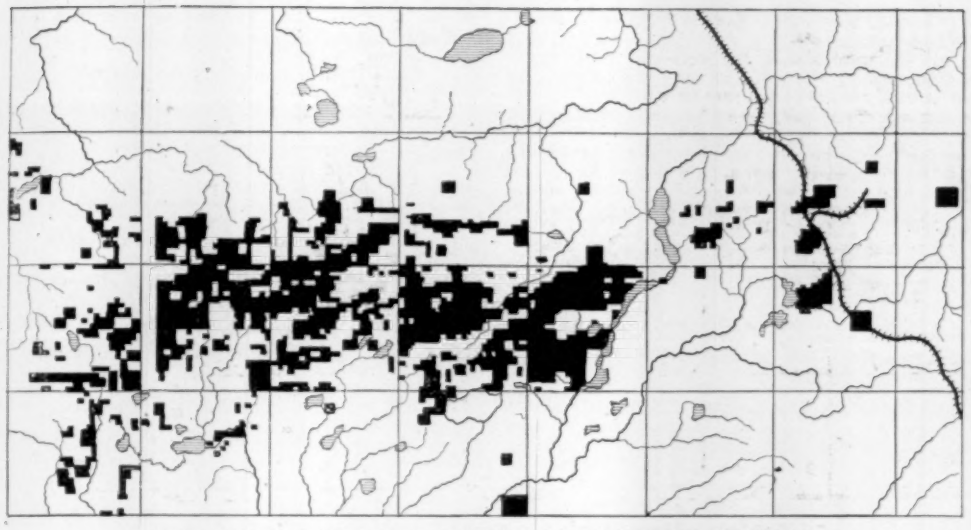
For years the immigration to the Vermilion Range iron-mines passed over this Missabe Range without any intimation of what wealth was trodden underfoot. Only three years ago was this great deposit of iron ore discovered to the commercial world, creating at once a mining fever which drew explorers from all over the Northwest to the trackless wilderness northwest of Duluth.

Glancing at the map, one gets an idea of the extent of this discovery when it is remembered that each of the little squares represents forty acres, and every one that is marked indicates a mining location, generally rich in ore. Thus for a reach of fifty miles does this remarkable mineral belt extend.

Examination showed that the deposit in general was horizontal, and parallel with the surface; and this, every one could readily see, gave the range an advantage over sections where the mining must follow a vertical lead into the depths of the earth. The ore, too, for the most part, consisted of a rotten iron deposit, much like red or bluish loam, although in some sections this had hardened to the consistency of soft rock or hard clay. Thus it will be seen that the old methods of mining with dynamite and drill and tunnel and tallow-dip readily gave way on this new range to the easier and simpler process of surface excavation.

On emerging from the train when this mining country was "new," which now means two years ago, the arriving traveller stood in dismay before a stretch of bog and stumps, and when the old resident, who had arrived the day before, pointed out the course of the main street and the location of the future city hall and the opera-house, it all seemed a huge practical joke, or the imagining of a brain disordered by the tremendous excitement accompanying new discoveries of mineral wealth. But if the "tenderfoot" was dismayed before the stumps and charred logs, he stood aghast before the "Grand Hotel," where, crammed into its beer-smoke reeking rooms with the other human sardines, he was to find food and repose (?). Nowadays, however, the city hall, the opera-house, the main street, the water-works, and *painted* buildings that were promises in those days are actually there, and civilization has come to stay.

Actual surface mining began with the sinking of test-



THE MISSABE RANGE MINING DISTRICT IN NORTHWESTERN MINNESOTA.
The black portion indicates the occupied claims. Each of the smallest squares represents a forty-acre subdivision.

pits in different parts of "a forty"—forty-acre mining claim. These pits were like the old windlass wells, the sides being protected with timber as the miner proceeded. In this way the quality and "lay" of the bed of ore were discovered, and the depth of the deposit in the shallower mines. These data made a basis for a contract with the "stripper," the man who undertook to remove all the earth and low-grade ore lying over the valuable deposit. Thus immediate access was given to the rotten loam, sixty per cent. of which was often pure iron.

The "stripper's" outfit consisted of long stretches of narrow-gauge iron track, numerous little dump-cars, dummy locomotives with shrill whistles and large dinner-bells for warning the wolves and bears away, wheelbarrows, and horse-shovels *galore*, and, most impressive of all, the great land-dredge called the steam-shovel.

The steam-shovel was conveyed to its location on a temporary track, the narrow-gauge track was laid alongside, the cars and dummy engines were unlimbered, steam was gotten up, and the great scar on the face of nature begun. Dropping its huge dipper at the base of the excavation, the steam-shovel, with magnificent power, scooped up its half-ton of gravel, and then, raising and swinging its ponderous weight around, dropped the heavy load into the dump-car alongside, filling a car, perhaps, with two of its dipperfuls. As the cars were filled, the train was moved slowly forward, until a train-load was completed, when, with many a groan and puff and much ringing of the dinner-bell, the little locomotive moved off with its train to the dumping-grounds.

Thus the process of stripping went on day by day, sometimes two, three, and four tiers deep, until a wide strip of valuable ore was uncovered. When one strip was ready for actual mining the stripper proceeded to the next strip on the side, and thus, by removing strip after strip, in time the wealth of rich ore lay uncovered for many acres. Generally, however, the stripping and actual mining were going on side by side, as in the illustration.

For the mining of the ore much the same arrangement was made. A spur-track was built from the main track of the railway, and the ore train backed in directly upon the bed of ore. A steam-shovel located alongside took up a half-ton of the loose ore at a time and dropped it into the adjoining car, a few scoops of the huge dipper being sufficient to load the car, and twenty-five cars making up an ordinary train-load. From the mines the train ran directly to the ore-docks at Duluth or Two Harbors.

Thus the process went on, one layer of ore after another being removed, until some of the cuts are down in the earth a hundred feet deep.

I have used the past tense in describing this method of mining, because as the cuts grew very deep the process has been a little modified, as can be seen in the illustration of the steam-shovel in the head of a deep cut.

I asked a workman the other day how much deeper the layer of ore was in a leading mine, where they had already gone down a hundred feet from the surface. He told me that no one knew how thick the layer of ore was, but that they estimated a deposit of at least twenty million tons on that "forty."

In taking the ore to the docks, two railroads, the Duluth and Iron Range, and the Duluth, Missabe, and Northern, are kept very busy in the shipping season, moving over a million tons each. In this work they use the heaviest steel rails, and locomotives that are prodigies of size and strength.

Arriving at the Lake Superior shore, the trains are run out on the capacious ore-docks, where they simply let go their load, which slides into the "pockets" of the dock. The vessels to load move in beside the dock, a chute is run into the hold, and the pocket empties itself. Most of the ore is in this way shipped to Cleveland, Ohio, to be smelted into pig-iron.

Although only in its second year of actual development, and that, too, a year of depression for the first six months, the Missabe Range shipped in 1894 a total of 1,600,000 tons of ore. When it is remembered that the production in the United States is about 12,000,000 tons annually, it will be seen at a glance that open mining on the Missabe is to have a large place in the iron production of the future.

A NEW STREET-CLEANER.

THE new Mayor of New York has selected as Street-cleaning Commissioner Colonel George E. Waring.

Colonel Waring is in his sixty-first year, and was born at Poundridge, in this State. He was educated at College Hill, Poughkeepsie, and later studied agriculture with the late James J. Mapes. In 1855 he took charge of Horace Greeley's farm at Chappaqua, and in 1858 he was given the direction of the agriculture and drainage of Central Park, and did work which has been of permanent value to that beautiful pleasure-ground. Notable among his achievements in this position was his preparation of the soil for the Mall, and the planting of the rows of elms that shade it. In 1861 he went to the war as Major of the Garibaldi Guards, and after three months' service was appointed Major of Cavalry by General Fremont. In St. Louis he raised six companies of cavalry, called the Fremont Hussars. This command was merged into the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, of which he was commissioned Colonel, and with which he served till the close of the war. In 1867 Colonel Waring went to Rhode Island as manager of the Ogden Farm, where he staid ten years. Then he began general practice as a drainage engineer. After the severe yellow-fever epidemic in Memphis in 1878 Colonel Waring devised the system of sewerage for that city, and the general features of this system have since been adopted in many other cities. He was an expert and special agent for the tenth census, with charge of the social statistics of cities. Since 1882 he has been a member of the National Board of Health.

In his practice as a drainage engineer Colonel Waring has been called in consultation in many cities of the country, and he is generally regarded by engineers with sewerage problems to solve as the most competent and ingenious adviser in the country. He has in this capacity originated many sanitary improvements in the drainage of houses and towns. Indeed, a large part of Colonel Waring's life has been devoted to work in engineering, drainage, sewage, and the disposal of the last. In this work he has been called upon to organize and command large forces of men, and his success in these undertakings makes it only reasonable to expect that he will succeed in cleaning the streets of New York and keeping them clean. To the progressive farmers of the country Colonel Waring is known as an enlightened writer on agricultural subjects; to engineers he is known as a writer on drainage and sanitation; and to the general reader he long ago commended himself by the charming accounts he has given of his travels in this country and in foreign lands.

Colonel Waring is not a politician, though the practical experts in politics would probably set him down as a mugwump. He takes charge of his new office January 15th. But it will be unreasonable to expect to see evidences of the new broom for several months. He must have time to reorganize the department and put new methods in operation.

THE RED CROSS IN JAPAN.

SOME forty governments in all are bound together by the compact known as the Red Cross, or the International Convention of Geneva of 1864.

The one word *neutral* signifies the whole essence of this treaty; it defines the condition of all sick and wounded soldiers, all surgeons, nurses, and attendants, all hospitals, ambulances, and other appliances while they display the Red Cross arm-badge or flag duly authorized and inscribed by the military power of the army to which they are attached; and furthermore, all inhabitants of a country in the vicinity of where a battle is raging, as well as their buildings, are sacredly regarded as neutral while they are administering to the wants of the wounded and disabled, or being employed for hospital purposes.

Wounded soldiers falling into the enemy's hands are *neutral*, and *must* be sent to the frontier for delivery to their own army as soon as possible, provided, of course, that the country to which they belong is an adherent to the Red Cross treaty.

By applying the foregoing principles one will readily grasp the reason why Japan is doing such effective and commendable work as a humanitarian nation. She is carrying out to the letter the spirit and the obligations of the Geneva Red Cross Treaty, to which she gave her adhesion in 1886, while her Emperor stands at the head of her civil Red Cross Society.

In six great wars the Red Cross has been conspicuous. Written history records the beneficent work it has done, but only unwritten history can relate the prevention of untold misery and suffering on every field.

In the present war Japan, as a Red Cross nation, meets difficulties and dangers unknown in any former war where the Red Cross has worked, from the fact that her enemy, China, is not a nation signatory to the Treaty of Geneva, hence humanity is shown on one side in the treatment of sick and wounded, while inhumanity runs riot on the other.

Great injustice has been done to the Red Cross internationally and to Japan by the sensational announcement in recent newspaper reports to the effect that Japan had refused the Red Cross—had turned it back at Port Arthur.

The facts are as follows: A number of humane and worthy gentlemen—Americans, Englishmen, Germans, and citizens of other nations, clergymen, physicians, and government officials residing in China—formed a Red Cross Society and obtained the sanction of Li Hung Chang to go to the relief of the Chinese wounded. They procured the steamship *Toonan*, entered Port Arthur, announced themselves as belonging to a private Red Cross Society, and asked the Japanese commandant for the Chinese wounded, for the purpose of taking them back to Tien-Tsin, from whence the steamer had come. The duty of the Japanese commandant was plain. China is not a party to the Red Cross treaty, consequently the Tien-Tsin Red Cross Society, however praiseworthy its object, had no governmental identity or authorized existence. While its intentions were noble and laudable, it was unfortunately irresponsible, from the fact that it had no government to become responsible for and authorize its action.

The society was courteously received, and its good intentions acknowledged and appreciated, but its request was properly declined, and it was requested to leave the harbor. The Chinese wounded in the hands of the Japanese were prisoners of war, and while they were receiving merciful treatment in the Japanese Red Cross hospitals, there was no authority for delivering them to a private society, even though it had come with the countenance and sanction of consuls of neutral nations. The national responsibility that attaches to a member of the treaty was entirely absent.

Had China's civilization reached the point where she could appreciate and recognize the humanity of the Red Cross, and had she joined the treaty, her wounded, as soon as they were in a condition to be removed, would have been delivered to her by the Japanese.

The above incident is thus specifically dealt with in order to explain the difficulties in the way of correct judgment on the action of the Red Cross. The public and press generally refer to it as an ordinary charitable society for good works, free to make its own conditions, and to follow the judgment of its own private officials, like societies in general, forgetting, or rather never knowing, the fact that it is a treaty, bound by stringent and delicate laws, the disregard of which would impair its validity as materially as any other treaty, and consequently it is not the will or desires of individuals that must control or become responsible for its actions, but the law of nations, framed and confirmed by the highest authorities of the countries of the world.

When this fact shall be better known or more fully realized the reports of our well-intentioned press will be less misleading, more reliable, instructive, and satisfactory, than to-day.

CLARA BARTON.

CHICAGO STOCK-EXCHANGE.

IN the early part of 1882 a few wide-awake brokers of Chicago conceived the idea of establishing a Stock-Exchange modelled after the one in New York, and on the 1st of May following the Chicago Stock-Exchange was inaugurated. For many years before 1882 the want of a central place where stock and bond brokers could congregate for the purpose of comparing notes and facilitating transactions between themselves had been greatly felt. Nearly every broker fixed his own price on the securities handled by him, and a buyer or a seller of securities was compelled to get the various prices for comparison from several different offices at a great loss of time and at great inconvenience.

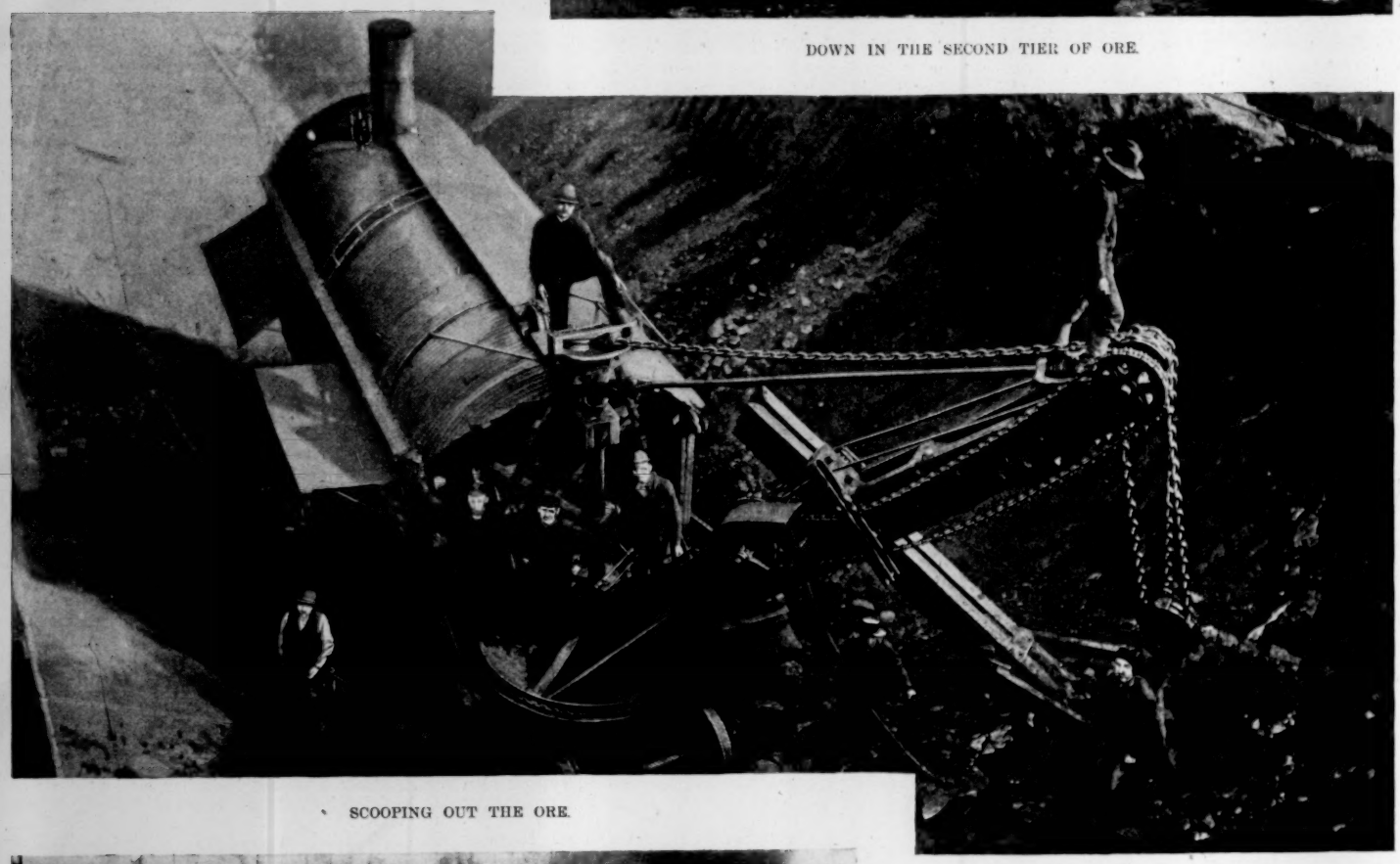
On the organization of the Exchange over 2500 applications for membership poured in from all the principal cities in the Union, but the number of members was limited to 750, and this number has been gradually reduced by purchase to 445.

The New York Stock-Exchange adopted a resolution authorizing its members to join the young Exchange of the West, and some 200 availed themselves of this privilege. The influence of the Chicago Stock-Exchange was far-reaching and potent from the very start in financial circles. To its medium many of Chicago's great corporations and enterprises owe the facility with which they were launched into existence and their subsequent success. One of the first and most important public services rendered by the Exchange was to secure the passage of an act by the Legislature of Illinois, in June, 1883, compelling all Illinois corporations, steam-railroad companies, as well as others, to establish offices within the State for the transfer of their stocks, and at the same time the much more important act making all legal transfers of stock by assignment on the certificates of stock the actual transfer of the property, the same as if made upon the books of the company, thus assuring to the *bona fide* holder of a certificate thus assigned the legal property of the number of shares called for by the certificate.

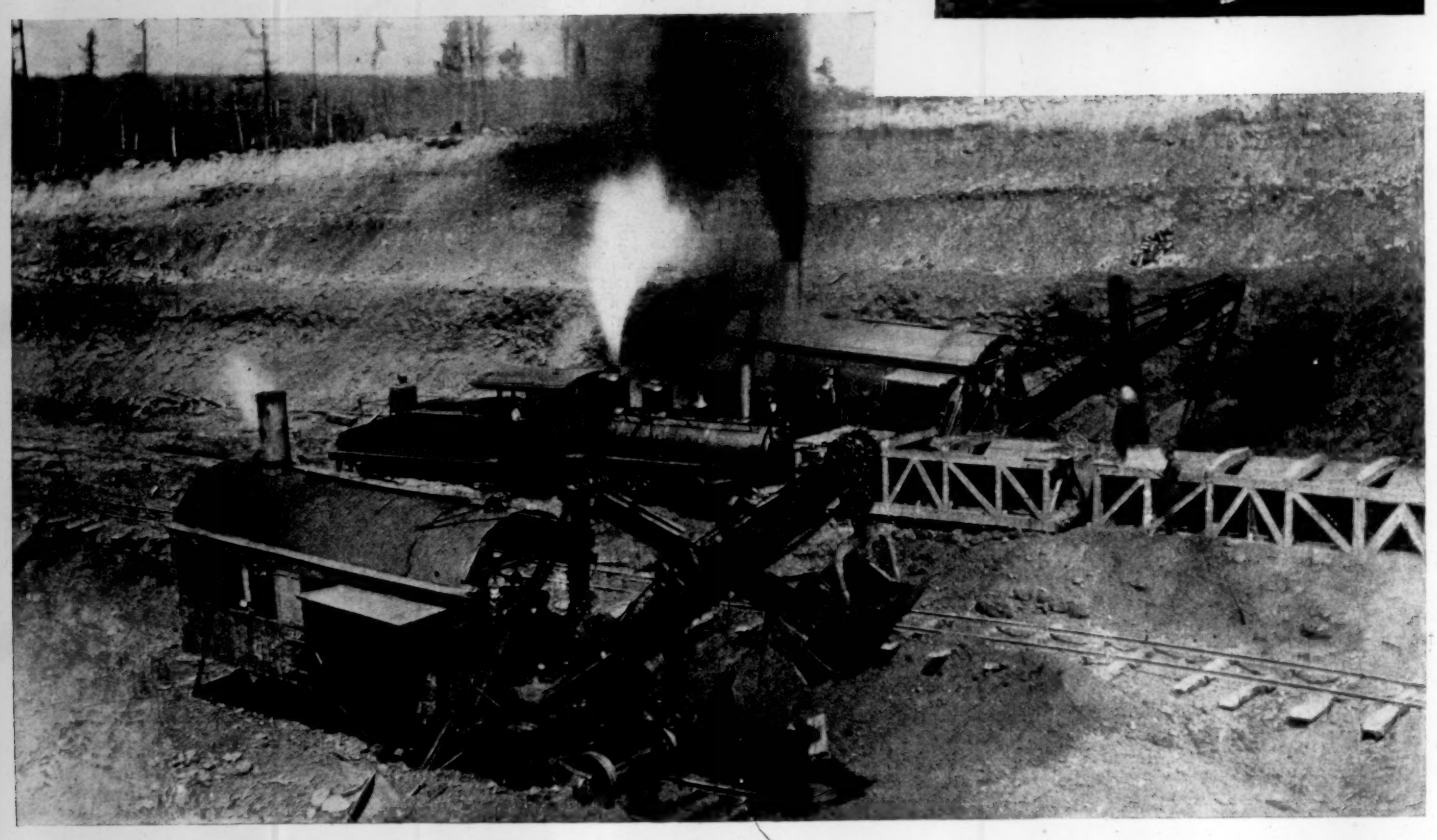
The Stock-Exchange Building is one of the handsomest of the large office buildings in the city, and is the work of Adler & Sullivan, the architects of the Auditorium. The building has a frontage of 180 feet on La Salle Street, and 101 feet on Washington Street, and a height of 172 feet. There are 14 stories above the basement. The cubic contents are 3,493,512 feet; the total cost, $1,250,000. The building is of steel construction, resting on piles sunk to an average depth of 56 feet. Terra-cotta of a buff color forms the front walls; white enamelled brick the side and court walls. The interior is finished in marble, mahogany, red oak, and mosaic. The corridors are in marble. The stair railings, elevator enclosures, electroliers, etc., are all in Winslow ornamental iron. Two large courts furnish abundant light and ventilation to the interior suites of offices. The main entrance on La Salle Street is through an imposing arch. The moulding enclosing the second and third stories on each front, the panel pierced by the entrance arch, and the heavy cornice are richly wrought. A flat wall, broken only by the bay-windows supported by heavy corbels, extends above the third to the last story, which latter is a colonnade on each front.

The chamber occupied by the Stock-Exchange is unexcelled in its appointments and decorations by any room used for a like purpose in the country. It occupies one-half of the second and third floors, and has a floor area of 70 × 100 feet. The four massive columns of Siena marble, surmounted by composite capitals and panels in gilt, besides being the principal features in the room, support the upper superstructure of eleven stories. The mural decoration is a chromatic expression of the sentiment conveyed by the complex traceries on the outer walls.

DOWN IN THE SECOND TIER OF ORE.



SCOOPING OUT THE ORE.

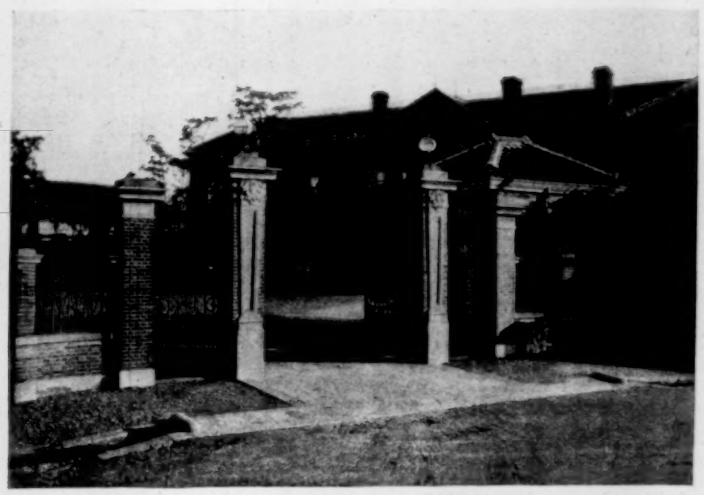


STRIPPING AND MINING SIDE BY SIDE.

SURFACE MINING FOR IRON ON THE MISSABE RANGE IN MINNESOTA.—[See Page 30.]

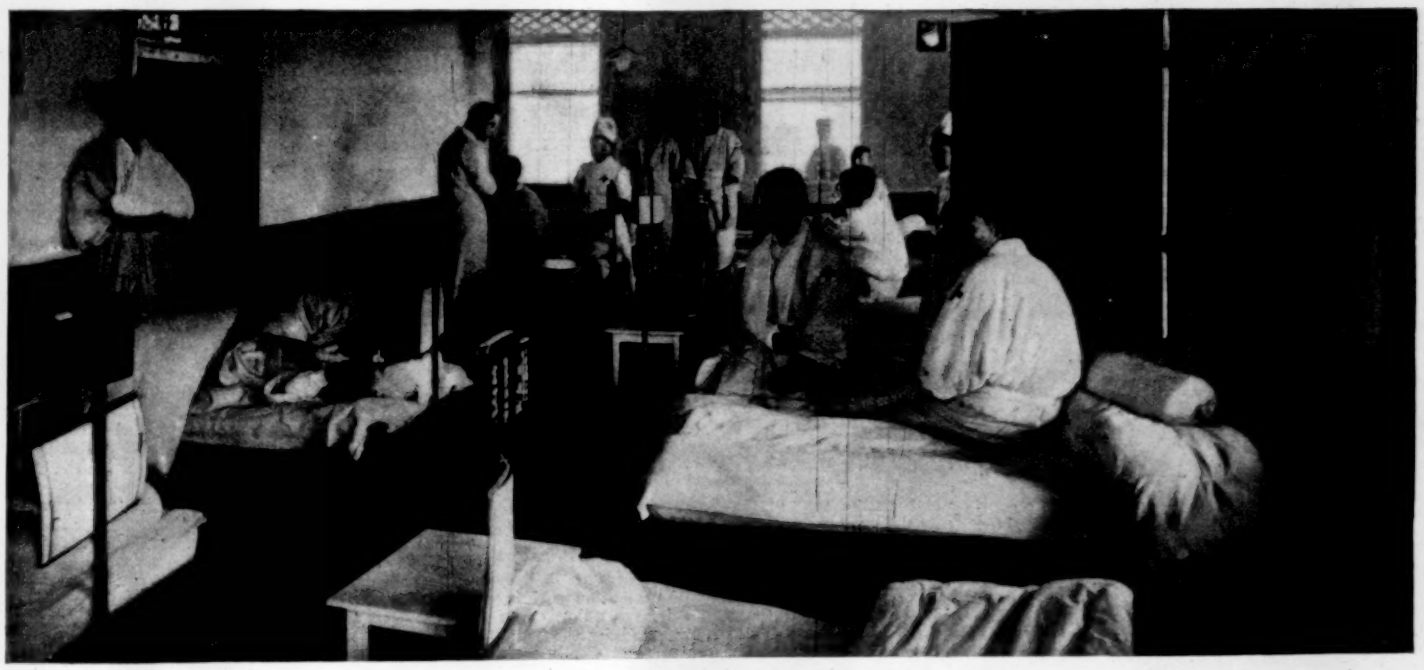
REAR VIEW OF THE HOSPITAL BUILDINGS.

IN THE OPERATING-ROOM.



FRONT VIEW AND ENTRANCE.

CHINESE PRISONERS UNDER TREATMENT.



CHINESE PRISONERS IN ONE OF THE WARDS.

THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL, AOYAMA, TOKYO, JAPAN.—[See Page 31.]

THE PERSONNEL OF THE NAVY.

After a long struggle a bill is at last prepared partially providing for a needed reform in the *personnel* of the navy. The simple question that is presented to Congress is, "Shall our new ships be properly officered?" This is not a reflection on the character and ability of present officers, for there is no navy in the world with better material among the men who bear its commissions. Granted that the naval cadets of the United States are as able, quick, well instructed, and as promising as the midshipmen of the greatest sea power in the world, there is no reason why our captains and flag-officers should not be the equals at least of those who serve under the British flag. It is not a question of material, but of the processes to which the material is subjected after receiving the commission of an officer.

There is a fundamental difficulty in the way of securing first-rate commanding officers in the American navy. Merit counts for next to nothing. A cadet is sure to become a rear-admiral before he retires if he enters the service young enough and lives long enough, provided only that he knows enough to pass examinations in the duties of his profession, failure in which would mark him as unfit for any commission whatever. He may or may not have distinguished himself in his calling. He may have spent most of his official life at sea, or he may have lived so many years ashore as to be less familiar with the salt water than the landsman who takes a biennial, or even a quadrennial, trip to Europe. The man of moderate talent advances in his profession as rapidly as the man who has saved a ship by the exhibition of courage and cleverness, or who has invented improvements (taken without compensation of any kind by the government he serves) in the complicated machine that a modern war-vessel has come to be, or who has served his country and his countrymen in a foreign country and under strenuous circumstances by the exercise of diplomatic tact and ability. The officer who has bent over a desk in the Navy Department obtains the right to command ships and squadrons quite as soon as if he had been breasting the seas. At the head of the most important bureau in the navy is a rear-admiral who has never hoisted his flag on a ship since he became a flag officer, and who will retire without doing so if he finishes his present term in the Navy Department.

The sound and rational reform that is demanded goes to this essential evil of the present system. Merit should count for as much in the naval profession as in any other calling in life. Among civilians, those who show themselves capable are the ones who are advanced and promoted. Everywhere, except in the military services of the United States, the prizes go to those who prove that they deserve them; the higher duties of life are imposed upon those who have shown that they will best perform them. The radical, thorough reform demanded is that officers be selected for promotion on their merits until they reach at least the grade of captain. After that, it may be safely assumed that promotion may proceed by seniority. It will be answered to this that political and social considerations will govern the President in making the selection; but the bill, which has been prepared by the joint committee of Congress itself, admits, by providing for selection at the wrong end, viz., the top, that a machinery can be devised whereby social and political influences may be eliminated. But if it is puerile to contend against an ideal system, and for the retention of a notoriously bad system, on the ground that the best may be abused, it is equally puerile to argue against the contention. Impatient contempt is all that such contention deserves.

The condition of the *personnel* of the navy is so desperate that officers who would naturally insist on promotion for merit alone are ready to agree to the halting step which, after a year's labor, has been evolved by the joint committee. That some officers oppose even this scheme speaks ill for the *morale* of the service. But if this opposition succeeds in defeating the proposed measure of relief, the real friends of the navy and the country must direct their efforts to securing such a thorough reform as that which has been outlined. That they will succeed in the end cannot be doubted, for the present absurd system will continue to grow more absurd year by year until it breaks down through its own impotency.

The essential evil to the country in the present state of affairs is that officers reach the age of command when they are too old to assume its responsibilities. The average age of a commander is forty-nine years. In ten years, under the present system, it will be fifty-seven years; in fourteen years, it will be fifty-nine years. The commander who is forty-nine years old has been filling subordinate positions all his life. Unless he has met with extraordinary luck he was not the executive officer of a first-rate ship until he was nearly forty-seven years old. There are old lieutenants of fifty doing watch duty, the task of men of from twenty-one to thirty in the British navy. A man who has grown old in subordination loses confidence in his judgment, and the result is that the majority of the American naval officers who have reached the rank of command are distrustful of themselves. They have always been doing merely what they have been told to do. A fifty-year infant in leading-strings cannot develop into a stalwart and independent man. The officers of high rank in our navy who count for anything learned their lesson in the war. When they retire there will be no one to command the ships and squadrons of the United States navy except a company of worthy old gentlemen who have been taught to obey and to dread responsibility as if it were mutiny.

From 1860 to 1867 large classes of cadets were commissioned in the navy, and among them are some of the most intelligent officers of the service; but their abnormally large numbers will soon make the state of things in the service worse than it is to-day. They are commanders, lieutenant-commanders, and lieutenants. Most of them will become rear-admirals for a few moments, or days, or months, before they retire. Only six of them will be rear-admirals long enough to make a single three years' cruise. After they go the mass of young officers behind them, whose progress has been blocked by them, will rush through the higher grades with such rapidity that, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy McAdoo has well said, there will be scarcely time for them "to have their new titles engraved on their visiting-cards before they find themselves on the retired list."

From 1866 to 1870 our officers were made commanders after sixteen to nineteen years' service, lieutenant-commanders in eight to ten years after entry, and lieutenants in six to eight years. In 1894 officers were reaching the grade of commander after thirty-two years' service, lieutenant-commander after thirty years, and lieutenants after twenty years. In 1904, if the laws now governing still prevail, we will have a corps of officers who are reaching the grade of commander after thirty-nine years' service at an average age of fifty-six; lieutenant-commander at an average age of fifty-four years; and the lieutenants will range from thirty-five to fifty-four years of age. This in itself is serious enough, but the situation becomes dangerous, since the law provides that each one of these old officers of moderate rank must retire at the age of sixty-two years, and in the mean while be passed through the higher grades of captain, commodore, and rear-admiral, with not enough time in each to enable him to make a cruise and gain the experience which should be a requisite for higher rank. Captains are now reaching that grade still in the prime of life, though even their ages are equal to those of foreign rear-admirals; but in ten years we shall see them reaching the grade at an average age of nearly sixty years.

Officers now occupying the middle of the lieutenants' list have been twenty-six to twenty-four years on the navy list, and will remain lieutenants for ten to thirteen years longer; but all who live and remain in the service must be rear-admirals within eight years after they cease to be lieutenants, some for a few months on the active list, some for as much as a few years, but none will have the opportunity of making a full cruise in any grade above lieutenant. The time interval between the lieutenants' list and the rear-admirals' list remains practically the same for lieutenants now below the middle of the list, and reaches a maximum of thirteen years well down in the list of ensigns. If the nation can afford the absurdity of rocketing a long list of its officers through the grades of lieutenant-commander, commander, captain, and commodore in an interval of eight to thirteen years, presumably a good many lieutenants can be found who are satisfied to await the appointed time and accept the comfortable provisions of rank and pay made for their old age. Another absurdity is the effect which the present laws will have on the retired list. There were on June 30, 1894, 215 officers of the line of the navy, occupying in part the grades of captain, commander, lieutenant-commander, and lieutenant, who would be retired in the years from 1907 to 1912. A careful application of actuaries' estimates, and the calculated percentage of naval casualties, show that 166 of these officers will probably remain to receive the benefits of age retirement, of whom 21 will retire as commodores or captains, and 145 will retire with the rank and pay of rear-admirals; 101 will hold this rank on the active list for less than one year, many for less than one month, 28 may hold it one year, 10 for two years, 4 for three years, and but 2 may serve for four years.

This is an extraordinary condition of affairs to be tolerated by a government that is spending something like $100,000,000 for new ships. Our commanding officers are older than those of any other navy in the world. In England an officer reaches the grade of commander at from thirty-two to forty-two years of age, the average age being thirty-seven. In our service the age is from forty-eight to fifty-nine, the average being fifty-four. He gets his captaincy at from thirty-seven to forty-six years, and is a rear-admiral when he is between forty-nine and fifty-three years old. During the Columbus celebration, in 1893, when the international fleet was together, it was the common observation that the captain of the British flagship *Blake* was a younger man than many of our senior lieutenants who had still some years to serve in their subordinate grade, and had to go through the grades of lieutenant-commander and commander before reaching the rank of captain.

"Young admirals and young captains" is the motto of the British service, and it is a rule which must be adopted by any country which intends to possess an efficient navy. So long as we have ships and squadrons we ought to see to it that they are efficiently manned and officered, and they cannot be if captains and rear-admirals have spent most of their lives in doing the bidding of other people, and are in their high grades only during a few months of their declining years, when they are looking eagerly forward to easeful retirement, with a generous provision for their leisure.

The bill now pending is, as I have already said, a halting measure. It will, however, improve the service for several years to come, and will give command to young and able officers who, under present conditions, will only attain the dreaded state of "old lieutenants." An "old lieutenant" is the living grave of dead energy, enthusiasm, and talent. His critical powers are expended on the mess table, and his power of initiative is confined to cleaning the brass-work. His mind has been dwarfed by constantly dwelling on minutiæ until it is barren and inactive. Yet he is the man who is in training, under the present system, for the command of the navy if it should ever be called into action. To change this system, to make the *personnel* as effective as the new ships, some injustice may be done to a few officers who have hitherto deserved well of their country, but the general welfare is of too much importance to be opposed and thwarted by the interests of individuals.

There are now in the line of the navy 726 officers—6 rear-admirals, 10 commodores, 45 captains, 85 commanders, 74 lieutenant-commanders, 250 lieutenants, 75 lieutenants (junior grade), and 181 ensigns. The new bill proposes that the rank of commodore shall be abolished, and that the line shall consist of 16 rear-admirals, 60 captains, 100 commanders, 74 lieutenant-commanders, 250 lieutenants, 75 lieutenants (junior grade), and enough ensigns to maintain the number of officers at the present aggregate.

In order to make the flow of promotion natural and sufficiently rapid, the abnormal increases now congested in three grades, and also represented by the volunteer officers still in the service, are to be gradually removed. The volunteer officers are not to count as part of the force fixed as above, and as they retire, or are promoted, or die, their places are not to be filled. Only that number of cadets, never exceeding thirty-five, are to be commissioned each year as the vacancies in the line demand.

The basis of the reform is that there shall be a certain number of officers commissioned each year. This number has been arranged with a view of moving the officer through the various grades at a rate which will give him sufficient service in each, and bring him to the rank of captain at a time of life when he is capable of assuming its responsibilities and performing its duties. The defect of the bill in this particular is that it is not radical enough. The committee has dealt so generously with old officers now in the service that they ought to be grateful. Certainly if this measure is defeated, no future measure will be so considerate of them. In order to carry out the design of the bill, provision had to be made for officers who entered the service between and including the years 1861 and 1867. It is proposed that this shall be accomplished partly by retirements, voluntary or forced, and partly by the establishment of a "reserve list."

All officers of and above the rank of lieutenant-commander may retire with three-quarters of their sea pay after thirty-five years' active service. Each year there must be sixteen promotions of sea-going officers to the grade of commander, and twenty promotions to the grade of lieutenant-commander. If casualties and regular retirements do not make the necessary vacancies for these promotions, the President shall retire applicants. If this does not suffice, a board of five rear-admirals is to recommend the transfer of a certain number of officers to the reserve list. The reasons for these transfers are not to be recorded or in any way divulged. A good rule is embodied in the bill with reference to retirements. An officer found disqualified for promotion by reason of intemperate habits, or from any other cause resulting from his own misconduct, is not to be placed on the retired list, but is to be dismissed the service with one year's shore pay.

The reserve list, first of all, is for the officers who entered the Naval Academy in the years from 1861 to 1867, both inclusive. A certain fixed number from each class is to be retained on the active list. All officers of these classes above this number may be placed on the retired list on their own application. If a sufficient number do not apply, a board of officers senior in rank to those affected by their decision shall name the officers who, in its opinion, are best fitted for the different lists. The officers of these classes constitute what is known as "the hump," and it is in this way that the bill proposes to cut it down, in order that younger officers may not stagnate in the lower grades and the country lose their best services. It is the country always that must be considered first, and the only argument against this feature of the bill is based on the assumption that the country ought to go without the services in the higher grades of the officers whom it has been educating since 1867, in order that all the present commanders, lieutenant-commanders, and a little less than half of the lieutenants, if they manage to live long enough, may become rear-admirals. No material injustice will be done to those who are transferred to the reserve list. They cannot, it is true, become rear-admirals, but their pay will not be affected. They will be promoted step by step with those who remain on the active list. Indeed, their promotion will be more rapid than if the system remains as it is, for each one will take a step upwards at the same instant with the officer on the active list who is next above him in seniority. After thirty-five years each may retire with three-quarters of sea pay. They may be assigned to shore duty, and no doubt many of them will be placed on the reserve list on account of their peculiar qualifications for shore duties.

In addition to this provision for a reserve list, which is absolutely necessary if the navy *personnel* is to be improved, there are other excellent provisions. Rear-admirals are to be selected, but the President is to have the advice of a board of rear-admirals, who are to recommend three captains for each vacancy. No captain can be promoted under the provisions of this bill who has not served as a captain of a sea-going man-of-war for at least two years. This provision would have barred the shore-staying rear-admiral of whom I have already spoken, unless command of a ship tied up to a dock is to be construed as command of a "sea-going man-of-war." Certain definite service is required for promotion to the grade of lieutenant and junior lieutenant, two-thirds of which must be sea service.

These, in brief, are the principal features of a bill that ought to pass without delay. The measure is the least that Congress can do to make the *personnel* of the navy bear some relation of efficiency to the new ships.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

STEVENSON'S UNCONSCIOUS ADVENTURE.

During his last visit to this country Robert Louis Stevenson escaped a very unpleasant experience and never knew it. A journalist, who knew Stevenson by his published portraits entered a railway car at Long Branch, and saw the famous author seated in a corner, with a black square box on the opposite seat and a rubber tube dangling from it. The conductor knew the journalist, and said to him, pointing to Mr. Stevenson:

"I'm going to put that man with the long hair off the train. He is smoking. I asked him not to, but he's been at it again while I've been out of the car."

"He is not smoking," said the journalist; "that is some device for carrying medicine, in the form of a vapor, which he inhales in his lungs. He is an invalid. That is Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist."

The conductor seemed interested, but only for a minute. "I don't care," said he. "It doesn't matter who he is. I call it smoking, and he's been at it after I told him not to."

The journalist tried another tack. "Did you ever read *Kidnapped?*" he asked.

"Naw," said the conductor. "I don't care what he is: he has got to obey the rules."

The journalist persisted. "Did you ever read *Treasure Island?*"

"Naw," said the conductor. "I don't read many novels; they are all trash, anyhow."

"Hold on," said the journalist. "Did you ever read *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?* He wrote that also."

"What?" said the conductor. "Did I read *Jekkle 'n' Hyde?* Well, I guess I did. Couldn't sleep the night I finished it. I seen it played at the theatre, too. It's great, ain't it? Well, that man is a dandy, ain't he? He can smoke—he can, 'tain't what you call smoking, is it? Sick, is he? He does look sick. I'd like to see any one object to a man like that taking his medicine."

POLICING THE YELLOWSTONE.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

"CAPTAIN ANDERSON—he's the Superintendent, you know—started to-day for the south of the Park; some trouble, I believe, down there. A scout thought the buffalo were being disturbed," said Lieutenant Lindsley to me at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, near the entrance to the Park.

"That's unfortunate. Can I overtake him?"

"It's nearly four o'clock, but as I am going down to our camp at the Lower Geyser Basin, we can start now, and by travelling at night we can catch him before he pulls out in the morning, I think," said the yellow-leg.

So putting our belongings into a double surry, we started h t-foot through the Wonder-land, leaving a band of Dakota chicken-shooters standing on the steps waving their adieux. It verified all my predictions—men who shoot chickens belong in a stage-coach—they are a "scrubby wagon outfit," as the cowboys say.

Posed on the trestled road, I looked back at the Golden Gate Pass. It is one of those marvellous vistas of mountain scenery utterly beyond the pen or brush of any man. Paint cannot touch it, and words are wasted. War, storms at sea, and mountain scenery are bigger than any expression little man has ever developed. Mr. Thomas Moran made a famous stagger at this pass in his painting; and great as is the painting, when I contemplated the pass itself I marvelled at the courage of the man who dared the deed. But as the stages of the Park Company run over this road, every tourist sees its grandeur, and bangs away with his kodak.

As we pulled up in front of the tents of the rest camp, one of those mountain thunder-storms set in, and it was as though the New York Fire Department had concentrated its nozzles on the earth. The place was presided over by a classic Irishman by the name of Larry, who speedily got a roaring-hot beef-steak and some coffee on the table, and then busied himself conducting growing pools of rain-water out of the tent. Larry is justly famous on the road for his *bonhomie* and Celtic wit.

At an early hour we arose and departed—the pale moon shining through the mist of the valley, while around us rose the ghostly pines. We cowered under our great-coats, chilled through, and saddened at remembrances of the warm blankets which we had been compelled to roll out of at this unseemly hour. At 7.30 we broke into one of those beautiful natural parks, the Lower Geyser Basin, with the sun shining on the river and the grass, and spotting the row of tents belonging to D Troop, Sixth United States Cavalry. Captain Scott met us at the door, a bluff old trooper in field rig and a welcoming smile. After breakfast a soldier brought up Pat Rooney. Pat was a horse from the ground up; he came from Missouri, but he was a true Irishman nevertheless, as one could tell from his ragged hips, long drooping quarters, and a liberal show of white in his eye, which seemed to say to me, "Aisy, now, and I'm a dray horse; but spare the brad, or I'll put ye on yer back in the bloomin' dust, I will." The saddle was put on, and I waited, until presently along came the Superintendent, with his scout Burgess, three soldiers, and nine pack-mules with their creaking aparejos, and their general air of malicious mischief.

Pointing to a range of formidable-looking hills, the Captain said, "We will pull in about there," and we mounted and trotted off down the road. What a man really needs when he does the back stretches of the Yellowstone Park is a boat and a balloon, but cavalrymen ride horses in deference to traditions. My mount, Pat, was as big as a stable door, and as light as a puff-ball on his pins. As Mr. Buckram said, "The 'eight of a 'oss 'as nothing to do with 'is size," but Patrick was a horse a man needed two legs for. Besides, he had a mouth like a bull, as does every other animal that wears that impossible bit which Uncle Sam gives his cavalry. We got along swimmingly, and, indeed, I feel considerable gratitude to Pat for the two or three thousand times he saved my life on the trip by his agility and sureness of foot.

PICKING A WAY DOWN.

Burgess, the scout, was a fine little piece of a man, who had served the government with credit for over thirty years. He had breasted the high divide in a dozen places, had Apache bullets whistle around and through him, and withal was modest about it. He was a quiet person, with his instinct of locality as well developed as an Indian's, and contented with life, since he only wanted one thing—a war. I think he travelled by scent, since it would have been simple enough to have gone over easier places; but Burgess despised ease, and where the fallen timber was thickest and the slopes 60°, there you would find Burgess and his tight little pony picking along.

Both Captains Anderson and Scott have a pronounced weakness for geysers, and were always stopping at every little steam-jet to examine it. I suppose they feel a personal responsibility in having them go regularly; one can almost imagine a telegram to "turn on more steam." They rode recklessly over the geyser formation, to my discomfort, because it is very thin and hazardous, and to break through is to be boiled. One instinctively objects to that form of cooking. The most gorgeous colors are observed in this geyser formation; in fact, I have never seen nature so generous in this respect elsewhere. I wondered that the pack-mules did not walk into the sissing holes, but I suspect a mule is a bit of a geologist in his way, and as most of them have been in the government service for thirty or forty years, they have learned how to conserve their well-being. There is a tradition that one was considerably overdone once in a geyser-hole, so they may have taken warning. Who can understand a mule? The packer leads the old bell-mare off to a feeding-ground; and the whole bunch of mules go racing after her, and chains wouldn't hold them. The old bell-mare takes across a nasty chasm or a dirty slough-hole, and as the tinkle of the little cow-bell is losing itself in the timber beyond, one after another they put their ears forward and follow on.

We passed up a cleft in the hills, and were swallowed up in the pine and cedar forest. Presently the cleft ended, and nothing but good honest climbing was in front. There began my first experience in riding over the fallen timber, which obstructs all the northwestern Rocky Mountains. Once up in British Columbia I did it, but had trails, and I childishly imagined that there must also be trails wherever men wanted to go. Criss-cross and all about lay the great peeled logs, and travel was slow, toilsome, and with anything but horses trained to it would have been impossible.

A good horse or mule, once accustomed, makes little of it, but on the steep down grades the situation is complicated by fallen logs, which it is necessary to "bucket" over, and then stop dead on an incline of 50°, with a couple of miles of tumble if he fails. The timber grew thicker, and when Burgess would get us in a hopeless sort of place, Captain A. would sing out to Captain S., "Burgess is on the trail now"; and when it was fairly good going, "Now he is off." But nothing could rattle Mr. Burgess, and he continued calmly on this journey, the destination of which, it seemed, could be nothing short of the moon. Finally we found ourselves seemingly so inextricably tangled up that even Burgess had to scratch his head. One mule was hung up hopelessly, while the rest crowded around us into the *chevaux-de-frise* of logs, and merrily wound through the labyrinth the old Sixth Cavalry "gag," "Here's where we trot."

To complete the effect of this passage it began to rain, and shortly to pelt us with hailstones, so we stopped under some trees to let it pass, and two people who should know better dismounted and got their saddles wet, while another, more wise in his generation, sat tight, and was rewarded later for his display of intelligence. By-and-by, wet and tired of fallen timber, we came into the Little Fire-hole Basin, and found buffalo signs in abundance. We were in great hopes of seeing some of these animals, but I may as well add that only one was seen on the trip, though there was fresh spoor, and they were undoubtedly about. We found no pony tracks either, which was more to the soldiers' liking, since they are intrusted with the protection of the Park against poachers.

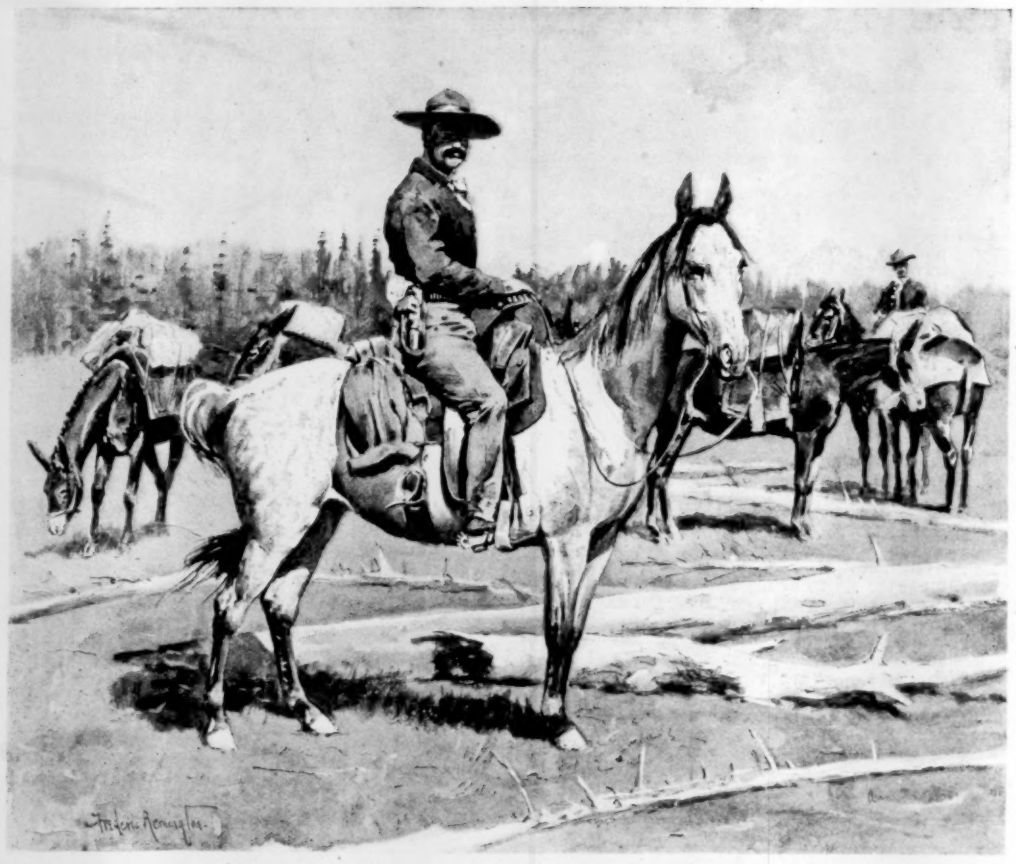
In this way squads are sent over the Park, and instructed not to follow the regular trails, but to go to the most unfrequented places, so that they may at any time happen on a malicious person, and perhaps be able to do as one scout did—photograph the miscreant with his own camera.

WORKING UP THE DIVIDE.

After a good day's march we made camp by a little lake, and picketed our horses, while the mules ran loose around the bell-mare. Our appetites had been sharpened by a nine hours' fast, when a soldier called us to the "commissaries" which were spread out on a pack canvas. It was the usual military "grub," and no hungry man can find fault with that.

"Any man who can't eat bacon can't fight," as Captain Scott said; so if any reader wants to be a soldier he must have a mania for bacon, it seems. "This is the stuff that makes soldiers brave," he added, as the coffee-pot came around, and we fell to, and left a dreary waste of empty tins for the cook to pick up. We lighted our pipes after the banquet on the grass, and walked down to the shore of the beautiful pond, which seemed so strangely situated up there on the very crest of the continental divide. There are only three seasons in these altitudes, which the boys divide into July, August, and Winter, and the nights are always chilly. An inch or two of snow may fall even in midsummer. In winter the snow covers the ground to a great depth, as we can tell by the trees. Nothing grows but rather stunted fir and pine and a little grass of the most hardy variety. The rounds of the Park are then made by mounting the cavalry on the *ski*, or Norwegian snow-shoe, and with its aid men travel the desolate snow-clad wilderness from one "shack" to another. Small squads of three or four men are quartered in these remote recesses of the savage mountains, and remain for eight months on a stretch. The camps are provisioned for the arctic siege, and what is stranger yet is that soldiers rather like it, and freely apply for this detached service. There is little of the "pomp and vanity" in this soldiering, and it shows good spirit on the part of the enlisted men. They are dressed in fur caps, California blanket coats, leggings, and moccasins—a strange uniform for a cavalryman, and also quite a commentary on what are commonly called the vicissitudes of the service.

In the early morning our tent was pulled down, and our bedding packed off almost before we had disentangled ourselves from its sheltering folds. The well-trained troopers went about their task of breaking camp with method and address. Burgess and a young soldier pulled a reluctant strawberry-blond mule out of the line of pack-animals, and throwing a blind over his face, proceeded to lay the blanket



BURGESS, NEARLY FORTY-FIVE YEARS A SCOUT.

DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

and adjust the aparejo. With a heave the *cincha* is hauled tight, and the load laid on, while the expert throws the "diamond hitch," and the mule and pack are integral parts. This packing of nine mules was accomplished with great rapidity, and laying our saddles carefully, we mounted and followed the scouts off down the trail in single file on a toilsome march which would probably not end until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We wound around the spurs of hills, and then across a marsh, with its yielding treacherous bottom, where the horses floundered, and one mule went down and made the mud and water fly in his struggles, while my apprehensions rose to fever-pitch as I recognized my grip-sack on his load, and not likely to be benefited by the operation. At the head-waters of these rivers—and it may be said that this little purling brook is really the source of the Missouri itself, although not so described—there is abundance of soggy marsh, which makes travel extremely difficult. In one place Captain Anderson's horse went belly-deep on a concealed quag made by a stream coming out of the side of the hill, and rolling back, fell heavily on the Captain, and for a time it was rather a question whether the horse would get out or not; but by dint of exertion he regained firm ground. When a big strong horse gets into a slough the dorsal action is terrific, and it is often necessary to dismount quickly to aid him out. We crossed the great divide of the continent at a place where the slope was astonishingly steep and the fallen timber thickly strewn. It was as thoroughly experimental travelling as I have ever seen, unless possibly over a lava-rock formation which I essayed last winter on the western slope of the Sierra Madre, in Chihuahua; and yet there is a fascination about being balanced on those balloonlike heights, where a misstep means the end of horse and rider. I was glad enough, though, when we struck the parklike levels of the Pitchstone plateau as the scene of our further progression. If one has never travelled horseback over the Rocky Mountains there is a new and distinct sensation before him quite as vigorous as his first six-barred gate, or his first yacht-race with the quarter-rail awash.

All through the Park were seen hundreds of wild-geese, so tame that they would hardly fly from us. It was a great temptation to shoot, but the doughty Captain said he would run me off the reservation at a turkey trot if I did shoot, and since I believed him I could restrain myself. The streams and marshes were full of beaver-dams, and the little mud-and-stick houses rose from the pools, while here and there we saw the purl of the quiet water as they glided about. This part is exactly as primitive as when the lonely trapper Coulter made his famous journey through it, and one cannot but wonder what must have been his astonishment at the unnatural steaming and boiling of the geysers, which made the Park known from his descriptions as "Coulter's Hell."

From the breast of the mountains overlooking the great Shoshonee Lake there opened up the most tremendous sight as the waters stretched away in their blue placidity to the timbered hills. The way down to the shores was the steepest place I have ever seen horses and mules attempt. In one place, where the two steep sides of the cañon dipped together, it was cut by a nasty seam some six feet deep, which we had to "bucket over" and maintain a footing on the other side. After finding myself safely over, I watched the shower of pack-mules come sliding down and take the jump. One mule was so far overbalanced that for a moment I thought he would lose his centre of gravity, which had been in his front feet, but he sprang across to the opposite slope and was safe. Horses trained to this work do marvels, and old Pat was a "topper" at the business. I gave him his head; and he justified my trust by negotiating all the details without a miss. On a sandy "siding" he spread his feet and slid with an avalanche of detached hill-side. Old Pat's ears stuck out in front in an anxious way, as if to say, "If we hit any-

thing solid, I'll stop"; while from behind came the cheery voice of Captain Scott, "Here's where we trot."

On the shores of the Shoshonee we camped, and walked over to the famous Union Geysers, which began to boil and sputter, apparently for our especial benefit. In a few minutes two jets of boiling water shot a hundred feet in air, and came down in rain on the other side, while a rainbow formed across it. The roar of the great geysers was awe-inspiring; it was like the exhaust of a thousand locomotives, and Mr. Burgess nudged me and remarked, "Hell's right under here."

Near the geysers, hidden away in a depression, we found a pool of water of a beautiful and curious green, while not twenty feet from it was one of a sulphur yellow. There was a big elk track in the soft mud leading into it, but no counter track coming out. There had been a woodland tragedy there.

The utility of a geyser-hole is not its least attraction to a traveller who has a day's accumulation of dust and sweat on him. I found one near the camp which ran into a little mountain stream, and made a tepid bath, of which I availed myself, and also got a cup of hot water, by the aid of which I "policed my face," as the soldiers call shaving.

The next day we encountered one of those great spongy mountain meadows, which we were forced to skirt on the rocky timber-strewn hill-sides, until finally we ventured into it. We curved and zigzagged through its treacherous mazes, fording and recrossing the stream in search of solid ground. Burgess's little gray pony put his foot forward in a gingerly way, and when satisfied, plunged in and floundered through. The pony had a positive genius for morasses. We followed him into the mud, or plunged off the steep sides into the roaring river, and, to my intense satisfaction, at last struck a good pony trail. "Now Burgess is off the trail!" we cried, whereat the modest little scout grinned cheerfully. From here on it was "fair and easy," until we came to the regular stage-road, to travel on which it seemed to us a luxury.

This expedition is typical of the manner of policing the Park, and it is generally monotonous, toilsome, and uneventful work; and the usefulness of such a *chevauchée* is that it leaves the track of the cavalry horse-shoe in the most remote parts of the preserve, where the poacher or interloper can see it, and become apprehensive in consequence of the dangers which attend his operations. That an old trapper might work quietly there for a long time I do not doubt, if he only visited his line of traps in the early morning or late evening and was careful of his trail, but such damage as he could do would be trivial. Two regiments could not entirely prevent poaching in the mountain wastes of the great reservation, but two troops are successful enough at the task. It is a great game-preserve and breeding-ground, and, if not disturbed, must always give an overflow into Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, which will make big game shooting there for years to come. The unreasoning antipathy or malicious disregard of the American pioneer for game-laws and game-preservation is somewhat excusable, but the lines of the pioneer are now cast in new places, and his days of lawless *abandon* are done. The regulation for the punishment of Park offenders is inadequate, and should be made more severe. The Park is also full of beasts of prey, the bear being very numerous. A fine grizzly was trapped by some of the Superintendent's men and shipped to the Smithsonian Institution while I was there. Near the Fountain Hotel one evening a young army surgeon and myself walked up to within one hundred and fifty yards of a big grizzly, who was not disposed to run off. Being unarmed, we concluded that our point of view was close

THE BELL-MARE OVER A BAD PLACE

ON THE HEAD-WATERS—BURGESS FINDING A FORD

GETTING GRUB.

enough, and as the bear seemed to feel the same way about it, we parted.

Americans have a national treasure in the Yellowstone Park, and they should guard it jealously. Nature has made her wildest patterns here, has brought the boiling waters from her greatest depths to the peaks which bear eternal snow, and set her masterpiece with pools like jewels. Let us respect her moods, and let the beasts she nurtures in her bosom live, and when the man from Oshkosh writes his name with a blue pencil on her sacred face, let him spend six months where the scenery is circumscribed and entirely artificial.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

ON THE GREAT PLAIN OF CHINA.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

ON my second house-boat trip to Cha-pu we got away from a great number of soldiers only to continue to meet others in boats wherever we sailed and on foot wherever we walked. They were sociable and well behaved, but we knew that they were vagabonds, and could not be controlled by their officers even in camp. After the first and only night of nervousness, when the soldiers discovered that we were unarmed, we quickly returned to the delights of voyaging in that beautiful and luxuriant country. Soon after dawn the farm folk were seen about the fields; men, women, and children all at work. As the sun rose higher the people disappeared, leaving the farm lands to the buffaloes, goats, cranes, cows, partridges, magpies, crows, and, so some said, the short-legged, fat-bodied, piglike deer that still abound in this part of China.

The buffaloes were usually watched by children—even by the veriest toddlers among the girls. The smooth black skin of these beasts suggests that they are amphibious, like the hippopotamus, and it was not surprising to notice that when the sun was hot and high they retreated to the water and loafed in it, with only their snouts and eyes above the surface. There must be millions of these beasts in China. They are in every view of farm life, though I saw them at no other labor than that of turning the creaking wooden wheels that work the ingenious bucket chains used for raising water to irrigate the farms.

We were at the beginning of the great plain of China, reaching 700 miles from Hang-Chow, beyond Peking, and having a width of from 100 to 400 miles. This level tract is a vast food-producing treasury, the gift of the three great rivers of the empire, which have thus washed down the earth and built it far out into what was once the ocean. The patient mud-piling people have unceasingly dredged the streams to build their land higher and higher, the while they have hand-farmed the whole vast area. In this garden of China two crops are raised and a third crop is started every year. When the winter wheat is ripening, the rice is growing in a forcing-bed. The rice is nine inches high when the wheat is harvested. It makes a thick bed of fine grass on the edge of the wheat-field. The wheat-bed is ploughed by hand or turned over with a hoe, and then flooded until it is a lake of mud. Barelegged to their thighs, the men and women plant the young rice in handfuls. While the rice is ripening, the winter vegetables (beans, cabbage, sweet-potatoes, or other growths) are being raised in the forcing-beds, ready for transplanting when the rice is garnered. The cotton is sown in the growing summer wheat, so that when the wheat is cut the cotton is three inches high. Every inch of the soil is thus utilized. Those who grow mulberry-trees farm the land between the trees. These trees yield two crops, the first leaves being taken for the silk-worms, the second crop being fed to the sheep.

Wherever there was farming there was fishing also. Confucius said that if no young trees and no little fish were destroyed there would always be food and fuel in China. Apparently the trees now have to be grown like the potatoes and the wheat, but the fishing goes on everywhere all the time, and no chance of escape seems to be offered to the tiniest fishes. Every here and there purse-nets are built so as to dam the streams with walls of finely woven bamboo that end in purses of the same material. And between all these dams are fishers from boats, fishers with hand-nets, and fishers with enormous balloonlike nets that are fixed to the banks of the streams.

One day we came upon a little squadron of small boats, led by one which might well be called "a noise-boat." Under the mat that formed its cabin roof were many children clapping sticks of wood and metal clappers, drumming, and blowing horns. They were supposed to be driving the fish in the water towards the fisher-folk who followed in the other boats, and who were fishing with scissor-nets—nets made like two great spoons, that could be opened wide apart or closed tight together. I watched them a long while, and it seemed to me that fishermen's luck was much the same all over the world—for they got nothing. Why the noisy children were not more apt to drive the fish before than behind them I do not see. Until I was told what they were doing, I supposed their noise was devotional — something akin to the sputter of firecrackers with which I several times saw the captains of big junks try to appease the water-gods before starting on a voyage. River-gods and canal-gods and water-deities of every sort are as common in China as nails in a carpenter's shop at home. In the oldest daily newspaper in the world, the Peking *Gazette*, of May 2, 1894, the Emperor announces that Hsü Chen-wei, Director-General of the Grand Canal, was sent for to look over the Yungting River and to devise means for its conservation. Its banks were falling in; it was subject to overflow; it needed serious attention. The Director-General proved himself the man for the task. "He found that a temple was in existence dedicated to the 'river god of the Yungting River,' but no temple has been built for the Golden Dragon and his associates who frequent the unstable waters of the Yungting. He was told by eye-witnesses that frequently during moments of suspense in stopping the recent breaks of the embankment the Golden Dragon or his companion sprites have appeared to the workers and shown by their presence the places of danger, thus being of great help. The Director-General thinks, therefore, that these dragons or sprites deserve a temple to house them, and to have images of them made, to be built on the left side of the Lukon bridge. He has written to consult with Li Hung Chang on the subject." The Emperor issued the order, "Let the Board of Rites report thereon," and, if I am not mistaken, it was to this water-sprite that Li Hung Chang, the "Bismarck of Asia," got down on his knees and bumped his head not long ago before a multitude of persons while praying to the sprite not to let the river overflow its banks again.

The millions whose only homes are little boats are only one degree worse off than the fishermen who work the great swinging nets on the banks of all the waterways. They lease from the farmers just space enough to build a hut, that may be as big as a voting-booth or the size of a canopy bedstead. In front of that they run out a little wharf, and on that they fix the great net that is to catch them a living. The biggest of their houses that I saw would go easily into one of these nets, which are made of a frame of light bamboo strips covered with netting, and raised or lowered at the end of a pole that works on a pivot. Silently and steadily, all day and every day, these great gauzy bags of netting rise and fall before you wherever you travel. And if the water-gods are kindly, a few fish wriggle in the bottom of a net once in fifty dippings, and the fisherman scoops them out with a smaller net on the end of a long pole. We gave one of these fishermen half a dime to let us sketch him and his net—and with the usual result. When he caught the fancy that Mr. Weldon was rich enough to stand "squeezing," he lowered his net and demanded five cents more—he who never earned ten cents in a day in all his life. He had not left the net up out of the water more than a quarter of an hour, but Mr. Weldon had drawn a complete sketch of it and all its surroundings. We thanked the fisherman and sailed on, but our coolies jeered at him for his greed. He only laughed; it was worth trying for, he thought. In the thousands of bargains we made in China I do not think twenty were finished without this effort to "squeeze."

Perhaps the worst case was that one when, in seeing a city, we engaged chair-bearers at a dollar each (Mexican money) for the afternoon. While we were visiting a pretty tea-garden they announced that they must get "chow"—which is to say, "food." They added that we ought to advance the money. We gave them sixty "cash." We only used them two hours, and then paid them for the whole afternoon. They clamored so loudly and strenuously for more money that the noise, the crowd they gathered, and the disturbance were unbearable. We had no idea what to do, until a coolie of our crew remembered the present of sixty cash that they had received. "Will sixty cash satisfy you? The master will give no more," said he. They replied that this sum would satisfy them. "Well," said our coolie, "you have had it advanced to you. You need not refund it." The crowd was moved to great mirth by this witty solution of the problem, and the chair-bearers went away shamefacedly.

Since it was only in the cities of China that I was ever annoyed or apprehensive of personal danger, and since it is only in the cities that foreigners are apt to be molested and assaulted, I wish to tell, in a general way, what the typical city in China is like. Recollections of my trip to Cha-pu will not avail for this, because, beautiful as was the country, the cities on that route were mainly ruins, the dread monuments of the last great civil war in China. Ka-shing, for instance, was once a proud and beautiful city, the gathering-place of the rich, the noble, and the enlightened. Yet we rowed a whole evening and nearly four hours of the next day among what were once its suburbs, and all the time on each hand was the desert, grass-covered rubble where once were miles of streets of shops and dwellings and mansions. The pagodas that still remain show how distinguished and populous it had been, but the Taipings and the Imperialists burned and razed it, and it is now as desolate as the moon. The old pavements of former streets, the granite steps leading to the water, the bridges, and the stone embankments only serve to recall the hellish forces of carnage, fire, and pestilence that swept that whole province. This was only so short a time ago as the Japan that we suddenly treat as civilized was the rude play-ground of feudal princes, and that is within the lifetime of the middle-aged readers of this article.

To imagine a Chinese city you must try to fancy both city and country walled in together; dense city and green fields and groves side by side within a long, gray, battlemented wall. You must fancy the enclosure dissected by canals as well as streets, and the streets must be pictured as only from five to nine feet wide, so that the awesome crowds in the principal thoroughfares are as the crowds on Broadway would be if all the people were assembled on one Broadway sidewalk. As there are no carriage roads, there are no carriages. The rich ride in Sedan chairs, high above your head, on poles laid on the shoulders of coolies. The ordinary folk ride on wheelbarrows, if at all, and nearly everybody walks. The travel outside the cities is by boat, therefore there is nearly always a good-sized city at each point where a waterway joins the moat that surrounds the wall. The jam, the awful crush, at one of these gate cities (if it is beside a large city) is beyond description. Boats are there as thick as cut trees on a logging stream. Junks, flats, chop-boats, express-boats, kickaway boats, sampans, and flower-boats all lie in a seemingly endless huddle, with just a narrow, shifting thread of a passage through the mass. The shouting, the clatter, the din of yelling, distract attention from the delicate steering your men must do to work their way through the mass. In the thick of the flotilla are seen floating houses and shops, whereon men, women, and children are at work, or are sleeping or eating. There are floating shops for the sale of fish and baskets and vegetables, rice, nuts—everything. There are the famous flower-boats, all gilt and satin behind their carved exteriors, with their showing of painted and powdered girls and divans and drink and pipes. The population is like that of Suffolk Street, like that of an ant-hill, or the hold of an emigrant steamer. Over the tops of the boats on one side are seen the city wall, and its edging of grass dotted with huts of mud and bamboo, and with graves that roughen the surface like the mounds of prairie-dogs. On the other side are the shops of the outer city, all open to the waterway, at the tops of stone stairways, given over to crowds of men, eating, drinking tea, shopping, selling, buying, idling, or rushing about.

If you enter such a city by a waterway through an arched gate in the wall you may see many pleasure-craft, called "play-pidgin boats," of glass and lacquer and gilt work, and wherever there is a stone bridge will be seen a street —of the dead walls of dwellings that show no windows or of long rows of shops. These shops are either wholly open, or disclose a little fanciful railing ending with a carved lion's head, to separate the public from the shopkeepers. The shopping streets are best worth a visit. Every shop has its signs hung across the street or perpendicularly before it. The number of shops for the sale of seals, made of wood or white metal, brass or jade-stone, surprises a stranger. The impress of a seal is as important there as a written signature is here. The number of tea-shops, which correspond to our bar-rooms, is also prodigious, but they show nothing but tables and chairs and

barbers at work while the customers drink. The display of vegetables is gaudy, and the cooking of cakes almost perfumes entire cities. In the stores for the sale of silks or clothing or cotton goods one sees the stock on shelves, but in most shops very little is displayed. Customers must ask for what they want. And the worst goods are always shown first—either because they bring the greater profit or because it is desired to get rid of them. One needs great patience to get at what a merchant has to sell. Sometimes he shows his best stock only after many visits to his shop. The jewelry-stores are splendid repositories of beautiful things, but the best one I saw in China displayed nothing but a counter and a few score boxes. There are almost as many places for selling ornaments for women's hair as there are seal-shops. The fan-shops and the lantern-shops are as strange to the eye as they are attractive. In the shops the merchants generally keep themselves in the background, beside an ink-slab and brush or a cup of steaming tea. The clerks do the work, as you see when you notice the long curled-up finger-nails of the master and the heavy jade-stone ring upon his right thumb. Thus men cripple their right hands to give proof that they do not need to work.

It is fun to loiter in a drug-store and to watch the making up of prescriptions, for they are apt to call for dead beetles, dried snakes, toads stretched on frames, eyes of insects, and everything that can be suggested by the ignorance of the most backward profession in China. Yankee clocks and lamps are sold in many shops, and so is kerosene oil. Coffins are the basis of a tremendous trade, and there are plenty of shops given up to the sale of red candles and tinsel-paper money for use at prayers in the temples. All the shops display braziers kept supplied with live charcoal for the use of smokers, who light wisps of paper at the coals. These braziers are of a thousand shapes and sizes, and where one is missing there is sure to be a coil of smoking punk. The furniture-shops are irresistible to strangers, until they discover that the wood in use is teak, and weighs like lead. The beds are like the four-posters of our grandmothers, with the sides nearly all enclosed and carved, and backed by silk.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Apropos of the appointment of an Art Commission by the Harvard overseers to pass upon all artistic questions relating to the university property, and secure a due degree of harmony between future Harvard buildings and those already in existence, it was suggested not long ago in this department of the Weekly that possibly in some good time every American city might have "a similar commission empowered to temper the caprices of individual builders and regulate new structures into some sort of correspondence with the buildings near them." That considerable advantages would be likely to result from such commissions is obvious enough, but it is interesting to learn of well-founded doubts whether the drawbacks of such a plan would not more than balance its merits. A reader of the Weekly who lives in Paris says: "I am writing from a place where the 'similar commission' exists, and one of perhaps a better quality than you will be likely to find in New York, even after the recent elections. But can you call the result here commendable? Scarcely, I think. And while you are suggesting this change for New York, here the movement is towards abolishing the commission, because it destroys initiative of builder and client, and depresses architecture with a hideous monotony."

It is certainly true enough that we are not likely to get as good a commission of supervising architects in New York as they have in Paris, and if the regulated architecture of the French capital is felt to be disappointing, it is possible that the remedy might be worse than the disease in New York. Certainly the newer architecture of New York cannot be called monotonous. When a fifteen-story building and a seven-story building stand side by side, whatever else the effect is, it is not tame. The appearance of such new structures as those on Fourth Avenue near Twenty-third Street makes the beholder long for a similar approximation, in height at least, among new buildings elsewhere. The rumor that the new Astor hotel, which is to climb up beside the Waldorf, will overtop it by four or five stories is disheartening, and in such a case it must be felt that the ambition of a builder might be regulated with good effect. Undoubtedly, though, if it must be a choice between too much regulation and too little, the *laisser faire* policy is to be preferred, and even if New York buildings go unfettered and unlimited where their projectors will, it is reasonable to look for some gain in harmony as well as in the architecture of individual buildings from the influence of good architects and the development of public taste.

The fox-hunting story begins to crop out in current American literature. It is an old favorite in England, but fox-hunting on any considerable scale is a very new thing in this country, and it is only within five or six years that Americans with a disposition to be story-writers have had fox-hunting brought conveniently under their observation. Nowadays, however, there are half a dozen hunts within two hours' ride of New York, and it is not a difficult matter to see enough of hunting to get the background for a tale, and of course the multiplication of hunter-men and their adherents has built up a demand for the literature of the sport.

The fox-hunting story is one of the simplest forms of literature. It calls only for a few horses of varying characteristics, a girl or two (one will do, and that one of the simplest quality), one or two men who can ride, one or two who can't, some hounds, fences, walls, ditches, a broken collar-bone, a parson, and a ring. The combinations of these simple elements that can be contrived are practically endless. The development of character is chiefly equine, interesting horses being much more essential to the tale than interesting men.

The best hunting stories ever written were probably Whyte Melville's, though the Jorrocks books are extremely good of their kind, and make a library of fox-hunting literature with which every horse-bestriding hound-follower is bound to be familiar. The development of a hunting literature in America will be watched with especial interest by persons who have read the English hunting stories, and are curious to see how far the American tale can be made to differ from its British prototype.

Mrs. Bloomer is dead, full of years and much respected, after a long and well-spent life. The Bloomer costume was named after her not so much because she was its inventor and chief advocate as because she was the most distinguished of a number of women who adopted it and tried to make it popular. It would not go, and in time they all abandoned it, and it is likely that they all outlived any regret they might have felt that they could not carry out the radical reform in women's clothes that they had planned, for the irrefutable fact is that bloomers are not pretty, and that most women look better in skirts than they do in any form or pattern of trousers. Women nowadays wear without much compunction whatever costume seems to them fittest for the business they have in hand. They ride horses man-fashion in divided skirts, and some of them ride bicycles in knickerbockers without exciting much attention or any appreciable amount of comment. Doubtless they have more practical freedom in dress than they had thirty years ago, but as a rule they do not use it to the disparagement of the skirt. That still hangs on, and even the bicycle seems very unlikely to weaken its hold on women's waists and public favor.

In moving into its new hall, the Massachusetts Legislature proposes to leave behind it the memorable emblem familiar to all readers of the *Sun* as "the sacred codfish of Massachusetts." It appears that this piscatorial effigy was hung at the base of the dome of the Massachusetts State House in 1784 as a reminder of the importance of the fisheries to the State of Massachusetts. It is surprising that the Bay State Legislators should be willing to abandon an emblem of such creditable antiquity, and they are open to the suspicion of having allowed an irreverent New York newspaper to laugh them out of their fidelity to an interesting fetich.

No American university has made more progress this year in favorable notoriety than the University of Pennsylvania. Its football team beat Princeton's and Harvard's; that was a great advertisement for it. Its hopes and plans for a series of dormitories were widely published and received attention; that, too, helped to make it known. It got further notice during the holidays as the place of the joint meeting of seven learned societies—the American Oriental Society, the American Philological Association, the Modern Language Association of America, the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, the American Dialect Society, the Spelling-reform Association, and the Archæological Institute of America. The imagination blinks at the thought of the prodigious mass of knowledge that was swapped by the learned members of all these societies. Undoubtedly they had a good and improving time, but the programme of their proceedings reads solemn, and a college examination paper is a gay performance beside it.

Eugene Field speaks of the *Yellow Book* as "that curious erotic quarterly," and thinks that its popularity cannot last. It is certainly curious, but why erotic? The pictures are queer, diabolical, and interesting for their prodigious eccentricity. Of the reading matter that accompanies them comparatively little is known, as to read anything in a book with such exclamatory pictures would be like listening to a story-teller accompanied by a bass-drum. The pictures are far too boisterous and noisy to let any one hear what the *Yellow Book* writers have to say.

A cordial interest is felt in Canada in the trip of Mr. Caspar W. Whitney and Mr. Arthur H. H. Heming to the barren ground of the vast Canadian Northwest. On the 23d of December a farewell reception was given to the two adventurers by the Canadian Club of Hamilton, Ontario, a club of which Mr. Heming is a member. The two men were cheered, toasted, and addressed with the warmest of Canadian cordiality. The greetings of his fellow-members were too much for Mr. Heming, who dare not trust himself, when called upon, to put his feelings into words, so his speech was made for him by a sympathizing friend. Mr. Whitney, not being among old-time comrades, bore up somewhat more stiffly, and was able to reply to the handsome things that were said of him in what the Hamilton *Herald* calls "a brief, modest speech of thanks." The next morning they started on their journey with thirty friends at the station to see them off. That was nearly three weeks ago. The mere record of Mr. Whitney's thermometer since that time would make interesting reading, but not even that much news of them has come back yet.

E. S. Martin.

THE DROUTH IN THE WEST.

Northeastern Colorado is an undulating plain, varying in altitude from three thousand to five thousand feet. Near the foot-hills it is an arid waste, destitute of vegetable life except for a scattering growth of sage-brush and cactus, but eastward it merges into a beautiful pastoral region, clothed with luxuriant grasses. The Platte, rising high among the snow-clad mountain-peaks, and the Republican, having its source far out upon the plain, are the only flowing streams. Much of the land is remote from living water. The rivers are fringed with cottonwoods, but the hills and valleys sweep treeless to the horizon. Isolated buttes and deep rocky cañons relieve the otherwise monotonous contour of the rolling surface, and give to a limited area an aspect almost Alpine.

The climate is uniformly delightful. The summers are cool, the winters mild, with but little snow. The atmosphere is remarkable for its aridity and consequent healthfulness. The winds that blow at certain seasons of the year are, however, almost unendurable.

Eastern Colorado was long believed to be unsuitable for agricultural purposes because of its aridity. The cattlemen, compelled by the encroachment of civilization to seek new pastures for their herds, were the earliest inhabitants. But this part of the West, because of the scarcity of water, was not pre-eminently suited for stock-raising. The number of cattle that could thrive there was comparatively small.

It was not until 1886 that the actual settlement of the plains began. At that time they were inhabited only by the few ranchmen who lived along the streams. Little was then known of the country. To the early settlers, who believed that the West was a golden land of promise where fortunes were to be rapidly accumulated, it was a country of magnificent possibilities. These were people for whom the glitter of wealth had superior attractions. There was no apparent reason why these broad acres, that could be had for the mere living upon them, should not yield as abundantly as the richest agricultural lands of the Eastern States.

The development of the country was phenomenally rapid. Within two years most of the land had been entered under the government land laws. Many thousand acres of prairie sod had been turned and planted to grain and other crops. Comfortable houses had been erected, and other improvements representing a large outlay of money and labor had been put upon the claims. Flourishing towns sprang into existence along the lines of railroad. Substantial business buildings and neat and commodious dwellings were built. All branches of business were carried on. Bonds to a large amount, considering the newness of the country and the general uncertainty, were voted for various public improvements. Public money was lavishly expended. The people had unbounded faith in the country of their choice, in the wonderful fertility of its soil, in the marvellous healthfulness of its climate, in the existence of vast undeveloped resources. These were years of unprecedented prosperity on the plains of eastern Colorado.

Unfortunately the anticipations of the early days have not been realized. It has been discovered, after a long series of crop failures, that the rainfall is insufficient for agricultural purposes. Most of the land has been abandoned. The settlers, after an ineffectual attempt to establish homes, became discouraged and moved away. With few exceptions, the claims were mortgaged. The mortgages have been foreclosed, and the land is now owned by Eastern investors, to whom the high rates of interest promised large returns when the loans were negotiated. The buildings on the farms have been removed little by little or destroyed by prairie fires. The lands lay unproductive, useless, consumed by taxes.

And now the terrible year of 1894 has intensified the misery of the few who still reside, through force of circumstances, in this most unfortunate country. Nothing has been raised since the season of 1891, and then nothing was produced except in scattered localities, and under exceptionally favorable circumstances. The prairie is parched and brown. There is no pasturage for stock. The ponds and streams are dry. To exist until now the owners of land and stock were obliged to borrow money, for which they paid ruinous rates of interests. A loan on real estate, even in prosperous times, could not be procured at less than ten per cent. per annum. Loans on chattel security bear from five to ten per cent. per month. These poor people, believing, in their desperation, that if they could tide over but one year the next would bring a bountiful harvest, borrowed rather than abandon the little their energy and thrift had collected, and now find themselves destitute, their land and cattle encumbered for more than they will sell for. Unable longer to obtain the means for procuring the necessities of life, their only alternative seems to be starvation.

Since early spring, when it became apparent that the season would be dry, a continuous stream of white-covered wagons has been moving eastward. Thousands have gone in this manner, a hundred wagons sometimes passing a given point in a single day. The stream has somewhat abated now, but it is only because so few are left. This is true of western Kansas and Nebraska as well as of eastern Colorado.

Those who remain are unable to leave. Their modest means were long ago exhausted in their struggles to establish homes. Their land is encumbered, and interest and taxes are in default. Their horses and cattle, if they have been able to retain them until now, are mortgaged for more than they are worth. There is no purchaser for their land, no market for their stock. To avert starvation they cannot leave. They have no money with which to pay railroad fare, and have no means of procuring money. They cannot leave in their wagons, because their horses are mortgaged and cannot be removed. Their situation is serious in the extreme. Without assistance they will be unable to maintain existence through the winter months.

As a result of the abandonment of the surrounding agricultural lands, the towns have suffered in a corresponding degree. In anticipation of rapid development, the towns assumed importance. Within a short time after the opening of the country many had attained populations of from five hundred to fifteen hundred inhabitants. The general appearance of prosperity stimulated building operations to an extraordinary extent. All branches of business were early established, and on a scale far beyond the necessities of the communities. Some of the towns have been depopulated, and few have half their former population. Dwellings and business houses, built often with the savings of a lifetime, stand tenantless, deserted, falling apart, and represent a total loss to their owners. Property has depreciated in value until it has become unsalable.

The authorities resort to strenuous measures to meet the interest payments on the bonds so lavishly and unwisely voted in the early days, but find themselves becoming more deeply involved each year. The bonds themselves will probably never be paid, and it is doubtful whether interest payments can much longer be met.

What the future of this part of the country will be is a question that time alone can answer. Stock-raising, under different methods than formerly, is carried on to a limited extent, but, owing to the scarcity of water and the poorness of the range, this will probably not become an industry of any importance. Agriculture in eastern Colorado without irrigation is impracticable, and irrigation in this section of the State is impossible.

A large part of the land will eventually go into the possession of the Eastern investors, who, to protect their interests, must purchase it under foreclosure proceedings. Thousands of acres have already been acquired by them in this manner.

Once a land of ten thousand happy homes, eastern Colorado is now inhabited by a few destitute and starving people, who, unless assistance is generously rendered, must suffer severely during the coming winter.

THE DROUTH IN THE WEST—A PARTLY DESERTED TOWN IN EASTERN COLORADO.—[See Page 39.]

OUR BIGGEST BATTLE-SHIP.

The most important addition to the new navy will be the coast-defence battle-ship *Iowa*, which is now rapidly approaching completion in Cramp's ship-yards in Philadelphia.

The *Iowa* is somewhat larger and considerably more powerful than the *Indiana*, the *Massachusetts*, and the *Oregon*, though of the same general type, and excels them in the length of the armor belt and in the amount of protection given to the machine and rapid-fire guns.

She will carry a main battery of four 12-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted in pairs, in two steel-armored barbette turrets of fifteen inches thickness, one forward and the other aft; eight 8-inch breech-loading rifles, mounted in pairs, in four steel-armored barbette turrets of eight inches thickness on the exposed side and six inches elsewhere, two on each side; six 4-inch quick-firing rifles, protected by 4-inch steel shields, and placed one on each side in armored sponsons amidships on the gun-deck, between the two pairs of 8-inch rifles, two mounted in armored sponsons on the open deck, and two placed on the bridge at the after-end of the superstructure deck. The auxiliary battery will consist of no less than twenty-eight rapid-fire and machine guns.

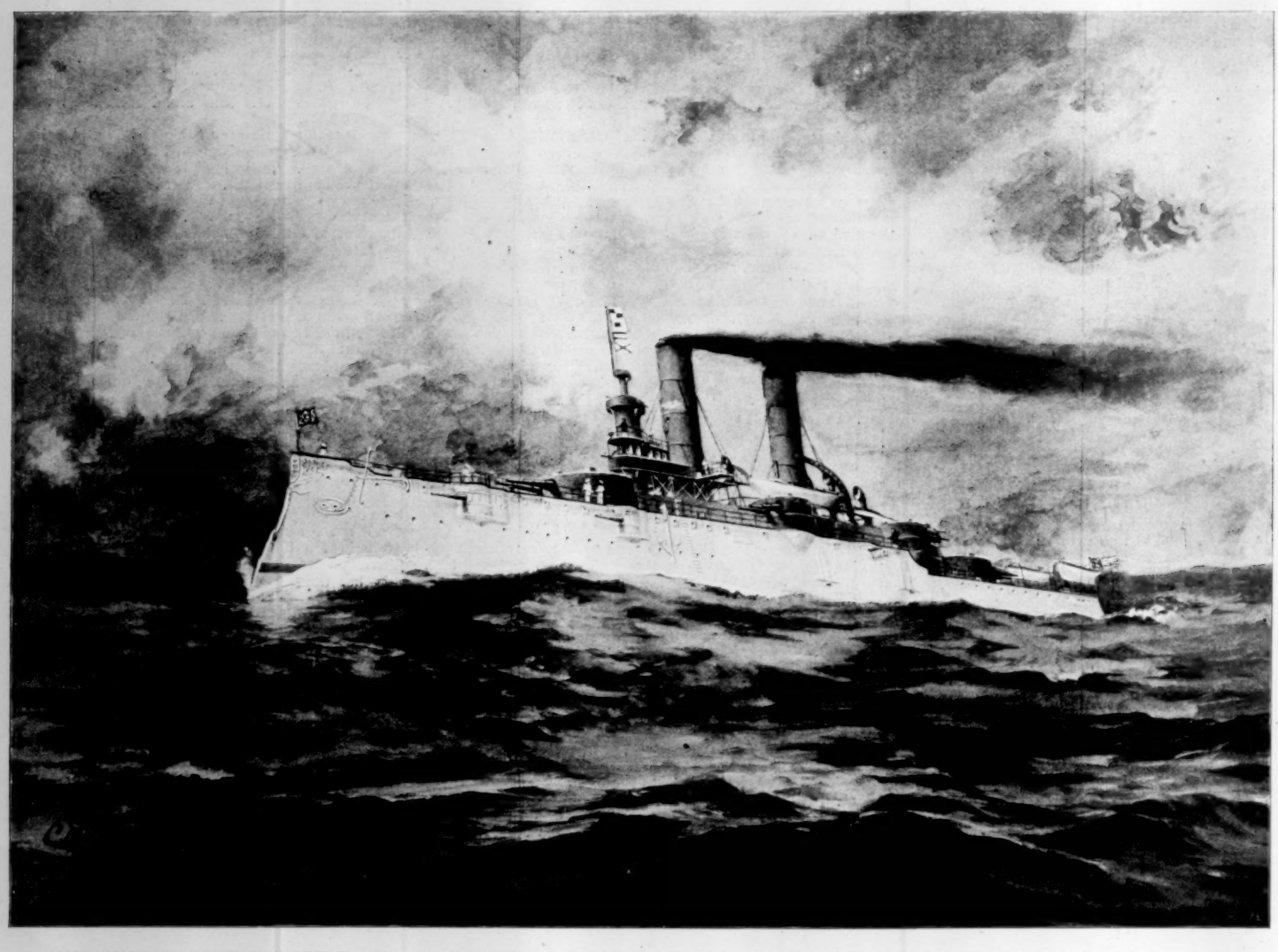
The *Iowa's* defensive armor will consist of a steel armor belt fourteen inches in thickness and seven feet six inches deep for the protection of the hull at the water-line. The armor belt will have a backing of cellulose, enclosed in water-tight compartments, in order to minimize the danger of sinking should shots penetrate the armor. The cellulose will swell quickly when wet, and close up the aperture made by the enemy's shell. The arrangement of the cellulose in compartments will tend to localize any incidental damage, either from the effect of shot or the influx of water. A curved protective deck of steel will cover the boilers, engines, and magazines. It will vary from two and three-quarters to three inches in thickness, and be able to deflect any shot that may penetrate the hull and strike it. The conning-tower will be ten inches in thickness, and the electric wires, bell wires, and speaking-tubes will be enclosed in a steel tube of a thickness of seven inches.

The *Iowa* will carry only one military mast, but that will have three fighting "tops" of four-inch steel, containing machine-guns capable of pouring an enormously destructive fire on the decks of any adversary which may approach to within close quarters. Access to the tops is had through the interior of the mast, which is, of course, hollow. It is, in fact, more like a series of superimposed towers than a mast.

The *Iowa* will have a displacement of 11,250 tons, or nearly one thousand more than the *Indiana*, and is designed to have a maximum indicated horse-power of 11,000, or 2000 more than the *Indiana*. Her length is 360 feet, to the *Indiana's* 342; her beam, 72 feet, to the *Indiana's* 69 feet 3 inches; draught, 24 feet, the same as the *Indiana's*. The *Iowa* will be propelled by twin screws, each driven by a vertical inverted triple-expansion engine. The engines will be completely separated by water-tight bulkheads, and will of course work entirely independently of each other. The contract speed which she must attain is 16½ knots, her coal capacity is 2000 tons, and her cost will be $3,200,000.

Although built primarily for the defence of our own coasts, it must not be supposed that the *Iowa*, any more than the other battle-ships, is expected habitually to lie at anchor in quiet harbors. On the contrary, she is designed to keep the sea if necessary in the roughest weather. That she may be formidable as well as seaworthy under such conditions, her turrets have a very high freeboard. The 12-inch rifles in the after-turret will be eighteen feet above the load water-line; those in the forward turret will be twenty-five feet above, and the entire eight-inch battery will stand at that same height. To accomplish this result without impairing the stability of the vessel has required the finest skill and calculation on the part of the constructors. An additional effectiveness is given to her batteries by the wide arcs through which they may be worked. The four 12-inch rifles will each have a firing arc of 270 degrees, and the eight 8-inch rifles will each have a firing arc of 170 degrees.

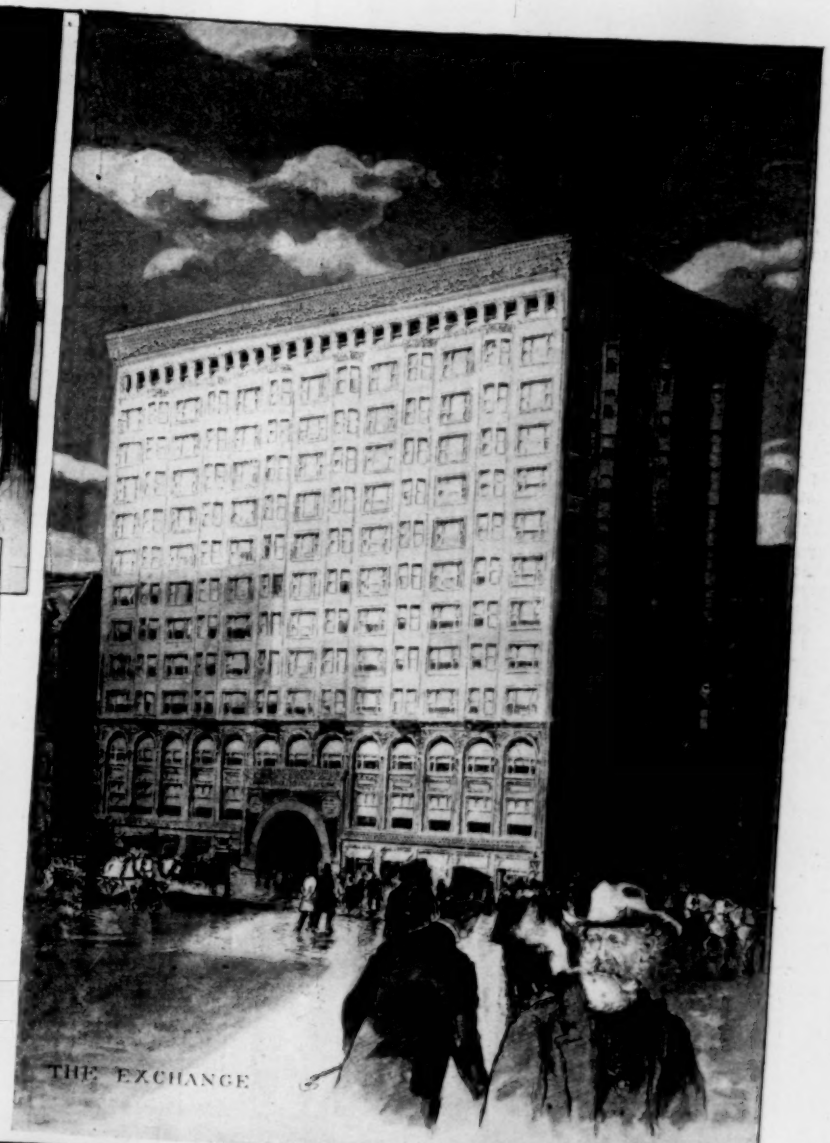
Besides the armament already mentioned, the *Iowa* will carry a supply of automobile torpedoes of the Howell or Whitehead types, and is fitted out with six torpedo-tubes, one in the bow, one in the stern, and two on each side amidships.



THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA," THE LARGEST VESSEL IN THE NEW NAVY.—Drawn by C. McKnight Smith.

MAIN STAIRCASE

WASHINGTON ST. ENTRANCE


THE EXCHANGE

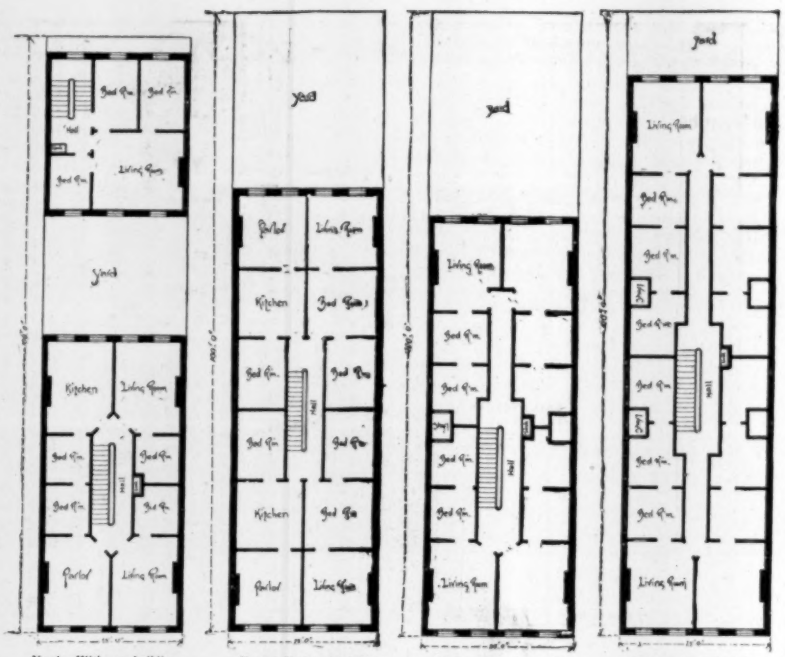
INTERIOR OF THE EXCHANGE

THE CHICAGO STOCK-EXCHANGE.—Drawn by J. Gleeson after Photographs.—[See Page 31.]

THE TENEMENT-HOUSE PROBLEM.

THE problem of housing the poor has for a generation past claimed a large share of public attention in the world's great cities, in tardy recognition of a very old and costly injustice. All injustice is costly, but nothing has made society foot such heavy bills as this neglect to provide decent homes for its workers; nothing has so hampered its adjustment to the plan of human freedom and the responsibility of the individual, for in that plan the family, the home, is itself the central idea. The causes that created and perplexed the problem in the Old World were reproduced on this side of the Atlantic, and intensified by the more rapid growth of the cities. Almost before it could fairly lay claim to metropolitan greatness the chief American city came to be counted among those that had made the poorest provision for its masses. Local conditions in part explained but did not excuse this. By the middle of the century the evils of tenement-crowding in New York had grown so great as to demand legislative inquiry. To-day more than 1,300,000 of its people live in tenement-houses; and although this number includes many who live in "apartments" or "flats," as a matter of fact more than one-half of the city's population lives in what are generally known as "tenements," and there is no spot on earth so crowded as some neighborhoods on the East Side where the poorest immigrants live.

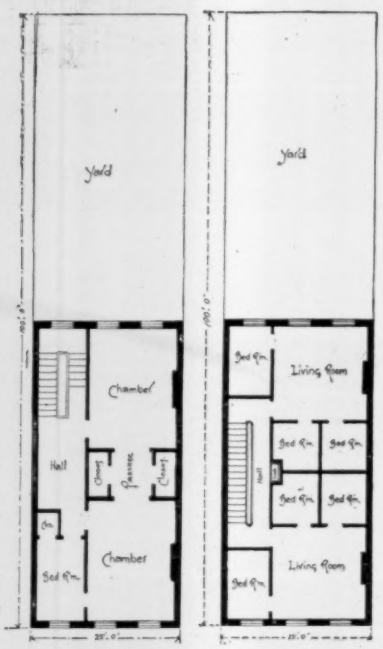
The plans here presented tell the story of the development of the tenement with the century, from its earliest beginning in the deserted homes of old families whom trade and the crowds had driven uptown, to the five-story "double-decker" of the present day, with a suggestion of still further development along the new line of safety and improvement, within the "25-foot-front" limit that perplexes all tenement building on Manhattan Island. New York, too, has had its awakening, though it took a full decade for the first legislative protest to bear fruit in action. Thirty years of reform effort has set its stamp upon the record, and it has been, in all but the crowding, a good stamp. That has increased, justifying fears for a day when the buildings that are now new shall in their turn have grown old, and the public conscience perhaps again have fallen asleep. Against such a calamity as this latter, the work of the Tenement-house Commission, the report of which is now before the Legislature, is a strong bulwark.



No. 4.—With rear building. No. 5.—No interior light or ventilation. No. 6.—Small light-shaft in centre. No. 7.—As bad as they make them.

TYPES OF TENEMENT-HOUSES PRIOR TO 1879.

No. 1.—AN OLD FIRST-CLASS NEW YORK DWELLING-HOUSE.
Front elevation. Lot, 25 by 100 feet.



No. 2.—Plan of an old first-class dwelling-house on lot 25 by 100 feet.

No. 3.—Old dwelling converted into an early type of tenement-house.

Health has now power only to vacate for a season—paying the owner for the building, as they do in England, only at the rate of old material, while in no condemnation proceedings for sanitary reasons compensation shall be given "on account of any increase of rental by reason of overcrowding or use for illegitimate purposes." Even then the estimated cost of putting the building in repair, supposing that to be possible, is to be deducted from the award. These are measures well calculated to bring conscienceless landlords to terms. With such power of expropriation given to our municipal authorities, the last of the old rookeries that are yet a misery to their tenants and a menace to the city ought soon to disappear.

There is no power in any commission or any Legislature directly to forbid a man to put four families on a floor in his house so long as he complies with the legal requirements as to air space, ventilation, etc., but there is a way of rendering it very difficult for him to do so by sharpening these requirements, and insisting upon their literal fulfilment. The Building Department is no longer to have "discretion" in the matter of covering lots with bricks and mortar. Sixty-five per cent. is all the law permits to be built over, but the sliding scale has bred mischief also here. The limit now is to be seventy per cent., but this must be adhered to strictly, except, of course, as to corner lots. Stringent requirements to secure safety against fire aim at the same object—the decided improvement or virtual elimination of the double-decker. The air-shaft, so-called, that always provided a minimum of air and a maximum of fire on occasion, will be effectually discouraged in the new order of things. Cellar bakeries, which constitute a great source of danger, as they mean fat over a hot fire in the small hours when the tenants sleep, are to be prohibited in all these narrow crowded buildings after a certain set time, unless the houses themselves are proof against fire. Other dangerous businesses are to be driven out of tenements, or carefully safeguarded. The matter of fire-proof is one of the points the commission is at great pains to emphasize.

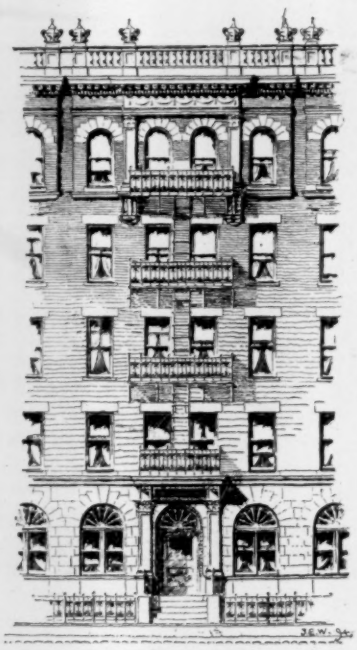
No. 8.—EARLY TYPE OF NEW YORK TENEMENT-HOUSE.
Front elevation, showing alley to rear building.

Testimony given before it by experts convinced it that the difference in cost between a tenement built of steel and brick and the ordinary fire-trap with wooden beams is to-day so slight as to justify pressure upon builders to make them adopt the safe plan. No tenements in the future can be built except with a fire-proof floor, without openings into the cellar, and the elevator for coal must not open into the cellar, but outside of it.

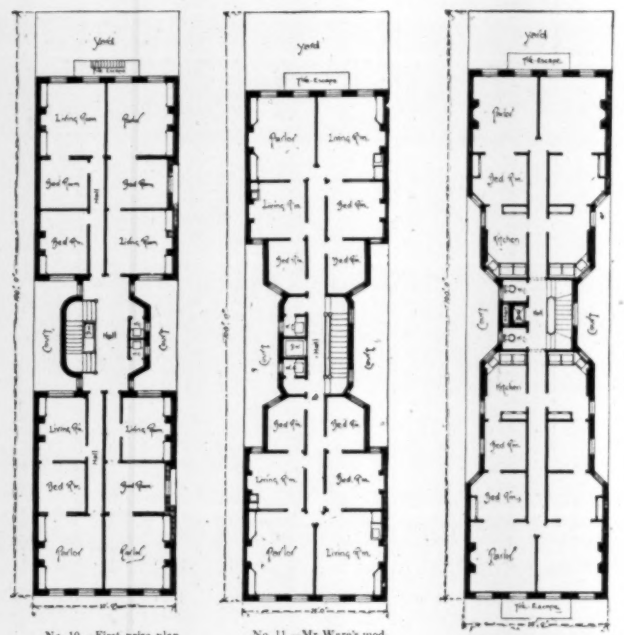
The report does not confine itself to the tenements. It deals largely with the conditions of life of their occupants, and particularly of the children. It argues strongly for putting life into the dead Small Parks law, and

The report stands as a milestone on a long and dreary road, telling at once how far we have come, and what weary stages are yet to be travelled. It is not a pleasant document. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the chairman of the commission, described himself on a public occasion when speaking of its work, then under full headway, as "reeking with unpleasant information." And yet it is not wholly discouraging. To those who in these days of reform zeal have fallen into the error of believing that municipal government in New York has been all misgovernment, it conveys the assurance that something—much—has been accomplished. There are tenements yet as bad as the worst, too many of them by far, and landlords that are justly censurable for neglect and greed. But no such tenements are built nowadays, and the old disappear slowly. Their exit will be materially speeded hereafter. Landlords can be and are brought to book. The crowds are greater, but the conditions under which they live, except in the old rookeries, are better. There is an effective inspection of tenements by the authorities, even if it can be made more effective still, and it has resulted in bringing the death rate of the city down from more than 35 per 1000 of the living in 1866, the year when the Citizens' Council of Hygiene brought about the establishment of the Health Department, to 21 per 1000 in the year just past. Or, if it be objected that 1866 was a cholera year, say from nearly 31 in 1850; and let it be added that there will be no more cholera years in New York. That danger has passed.

So far we have come. The report which shows us this tells us also how far we have yet to go before we are on safe ground; and the very boldness of the Commission's recommendation is the most encouraging symptom of all, for it appeals to an unlightened public sentiment which is discovered forming the background and support of all the reform efforts of the day. Twenty years ago the proposition to seize and to demolish a hopelessly bad tenement would have been and was met with ridicule by the owner, with hesitation or refusal by the authorities. This winter we shall probably see the Legislature adopt the commission's bill to that effect without long or serious discussion. In effect it proposes to destroy the worst of the old houses—those that are beyond repair, but which the Board of



No. 9.—IMPROVED NEW YORK TENEMENT-HOUSE.
Front elevation of a modern double-decker.



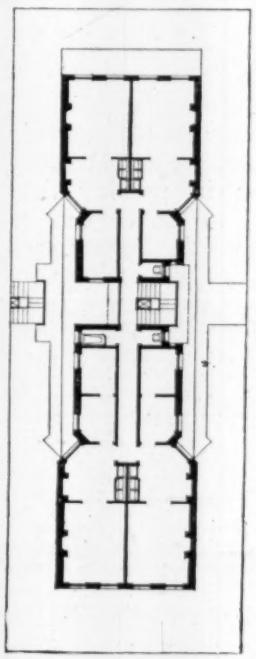
No. 10.—First prize plan—model house competition of March, 1879, awarded to James E. Ware, architect.

No. 11.—Mr. Ware's modification of his prize plan. Every room lighted and ventilated to outer air.

No. 12.—Present type of New York tenement-house on lot 25 by 100 feet.

TYPES OF TENEMENT-HOUSES SUBSEQUENT TO 1879.

points out the urgent need of breathing-spaces in the more congested districts, on the East Side in particular, where, in the most crowded neighborhood, more than a quarter of a million people live out of reach and sight of a green spot. Play-grounds for the children with the public schools are demanded, and schools and kindergartens enough to take in all who knock. A canvass of several crowded blocks inhabited by Italians, Bohemians, and Russian Jews, which was undertaken by Professor Giddings, of Columbia College, and the members of his class in economics, has fully demonstrated that the children of the poorest immigrant are truants from school only by compulsion. They would only too gladly go to school if there were schools to go to. Rapid transit is urged for the relief of the slums; more asphalted streets, one of the great factors in tenement improvement in recent years; and more electric street lights as the best preventive of crime. Public baths and lavatories, drinking-fountains, artificial light in dark tenement hallways — the last one of the reforms most urgently needed — are recommended, with an increase of the force of sanitary inspectors to insure the enforcement of the amended laws, and a more thorough supervision of the tenements. And so that interest in the commission's work shall not lapse with its



No. 13.—PLAN FOR NEW TYPE TENEMENT.

The essential features are the substitution for the ordinary central staircase of a fire-proof stairway or fire-escape in an open court covered with a glass roof, and the entire separation of front and rear apartments. This plan has been designed by Messrs. Tracy & Sawyer to meet the suggestions of the present committee.

life, it is suggested that there shall be a periodical review of the field by commissions to be appointed at stated intervals. The force of inspectors employed by the commission to get at the facts of tenement-house life has already formed itself into a permanent volunteer force of assistants to the regular department corps of sanitarians.

To give effect to its recommendations, the commission will need, in many instances, only to set in motion machinery already provided. We have good laws in plenty, but it has seemed as if the reform energy they represent was exhausted in securing their passage. They have remained a dead letter ever since; as, for instance, the Small Parks law, which as yet has worked out its hoped-for results only on paper. The further steps are embodied in bills which the Legislature will be asked to pass this winter. There is little doubt that it will do so, and that the new city government will have such an opportunity as none that preceded it has ever had. It comes at a peculiarly fit time, when every good suggestion may hope for a hearing. New York in years to come should be a cleaner, better, and greater city for the work done by the Tenement-house Commission of 1894. JACOB A. RIIS.

A TRAITOR TO FRANCE.

CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS, of the French army, has been adjudged by court martial a traitor to his country, and has been sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law—degradation from all military rank and honors and confinement for life in a fortress. The particular crime of which Captain Dreyfus was found guilty was that of furnishing secret documents relating to French military affairs to the German government, "to assist it in making war upon France." The court, it is interesting to note, in rendering the verdict, employed the euphemism "a foreign power," although, in order to obtain the evidence on which a conviction was established, it was necessary secretly to break open a private desk in the German Embassy. An unsigned letter was found therein containing information in regard to French forts and the firing instructions. The letter bore no

address. Although Captain Dreyfus has persistently denied that he wrote the letter, and in spite of the expert opinion of Dr. Bertillon, chief of the Anthropometric Bureau, the court decided that it was in the captain's handwriting. Though the trial was held "with closed doors," the main facts are generally known to be as above stated, and the verdict has met with popular approval.

THE VARIOUS WAYS.

An Oriental Tale.

BEFORE an Eastern king one day
Appeared a man both pure and wise;
The king begged of the man to say
What road to take to paradise.

"For various sects," he said, "declare
There's but one road that we can take,
And of the rest we must beware;
So tell me for my own soul's sake."

Here paused the king; the hall was still,
And the wise man looked thoughtfully;
But round the audience went a thrill
When thus he spake on bended knee:

"O mighty king, a loving race
Finds half the light of heaven in thee,
And I beseech thy pardoning grace
For what my sole reply must be.

"Enthroned art thou within a hall
Where various doors the guests admit;
Alike thy splendor falls on all,
Whichever way they enter it.

"That I have found one certain way
Your messenger the praise must claim;
So dazzled was I by his sway,
I cannot tell what road I came."

JOEL BENTON.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail to sufferers.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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CONSUMERS have a habit of determining by experiment whether an article of food is pure, wholesome, convenient, and economical. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream possesses intrinsic merit. Will stand every test.—[*Adv.*]

DAINTY darlings
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To counteract distressing blues,
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USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

THE best regulator of the digestive organs is Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

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with pale or sallow complexions, or suffering from skin eruptions or scrofulous blood, will find quick relief in Scott's Emulsion. All of the stages of Emaciation, and a general decline of health, are speedily cured.

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Laughter Lends a New Charm to Beauty

when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant

SOZODONT

This popular dentifrice is now a recognized essential of every toilet table. It is totally innoxious, CONTAINING NO ACID, and for preserving and CLEANSING THE TEETH, and retaining the normal condition of the gums, it has no rival.

More SOZODONT is annually sold than of all other dentifrices and tooth-washes combined. There must be a reason for this fact. SOZODONT has been many years before the world, and if it did not fulfil the promises made for it, it would long ago have fallen into oblivion. But the more it is used, the more it becomes in demand. Those who have tried it once, try it again, and then recommend its use to others.

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soap responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling.

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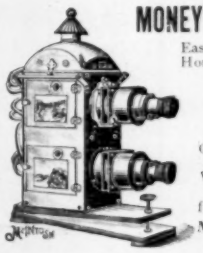

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These are Facts

Which Housekeepers Should Seriously Consider

IF you want the best food, you will be interested in the following facts, which show why "Royal" is the best baking powder, why it makes the best and most wholesome food, and why its use has become almost universal —its sale greater in this country than the sale of all other cream-of-tartar baking powders combined.

The Royal Baking Powder NEVER fails.

It is absolutely pure and wholesome.

It is combined from the most approved and healthful ingredients.

It makes the finest flavored, most tender, delicious, and wholesome food.

It has greater leavening strength than any other baking powder, and is therefore the cheapest.

It never loses its strength, but will keep fresh and full of leavening power until used.

It acts slowly in the dough, so that none of its strength is lost before the baking is completed.

It makes food that will keep sweet, moist, and fresh longer, or that may be eaten hot and fresh with impunity.

The reasons why the Royal Baking Powder is superior to all others in these respects are easily stated. One is because it is made from chemically pure materials; another is because it is made with greater care and accuracy than any other. It is always uniform in composition and leavening power. It has been the standard baking powder for twenty-five years. The founder has continuously conducted its business and is still at the head of its management. Thus all the knowledge and skill attained by over a quarter of a century's experience is available in its present preparation. The consumer is not experimented upon by changes of formula that are constantly being made in other powders in an effort to get a mixture that will not "cake" or lose its strength, or that follow changes of proprietorship or manufacturers. The Royal Baking Powder is always certain and equal in its work; a teaspoonful does the same perfect work to-day that it did yesterday, or last week or month, or last year.

While the last teaspoonful in a can of Royal is as good as the first, other powders lose their strength after being made a short time, and particularly after the can is opened.

No great efforts are made by other manufacturers to procure pure materials.

They use the ordinary cream of tartar of the market, which contains tartrate of lime, and is frequently mixed with alum, phosphates, or terra alba. The frequent tests by the Massachusetts and New York State Boards of Health show the great extent of this adulteration.

But experiments that cost many hundred thousand dollars were made by the Royal Baking Powder Company to secure for its use chemically pure ingredients, and to devise methods and formulas that would make a perfect baking powder.

In the manufacture of this powder there is used more than half of all the cream of tartar consumed in the United States for all purposes.

This is refined in the mammoth works of the Company (erected at a cost of over half a million dollars) by special, patented processes, by which means there are secured to the Royal Baking Powder exclusively ingredients absolutely free from tartrate of lime or other adulterant or inert matter.

While there is no secret as to the ingredients used—the methods of their preparation, their relative proportions, and the manipulations which are indispensable to this end are unknown to other manufacturers.

The exactness with which the active principle of each ingredient prior to mixing is ascertained by expert chemists; the actual prohibition enforced against the receipt into the works of an impure ingredient; the care with which the materials are dried, coated, and prepared before their combination, and the precision in packing the powder so that it shall be delivered to the consumer in the perfect condition in which it leaves the factory, are some of the details which go to make the perfect "Royal."

Are not the same means employed by other manufacturers? They are not. There have been a great many imitations of the Royal, but no equals. Pure materials are not employed, care is not taken in their preparation and combination, while in the great majority of baking powders alum is added to give them strength, while cheapening their cost.

No alum, phosphates, unwholesome or doubtful substances are used in the Royal, and it costs more to manufacture than any other brand.

The great popularity and general use of the Royal Baking Powder attest its superiority.

Success is generally deserved.

Scores of brands of baking powders have been placed upon the market since Royal was introduced. Most of these have died; none have achieved a general success, while the Royal has increased in popularity until its sale is general in every city, town, and hamlet in the country. Nothing but the superior quality of the Royal Baking Powder could have effected this.

Corroborative of the foregoing are the official tests. These have been made without prejudice, by entirely unbiased officers, have been elaborate, exhaustive, and should be conclusive. Prof. Tucker, of Albany, whose thorough and scientific work in examining articles of food for the State of New York is well known, says it is "a baking powder unequalled for purity, strength, and wholesomeness;" while **the United States Government investigation, recently made under the authority of Congress, shows the Royal to be a cream-of-tartar baking powder superior to all others in purity, wholesomeness, and leavening strength.**

The day has come for a rigid discrimination in the purchase of baking powders by the housekeeper.

Health and economy demand the use of that brand ascertained absolutely pure and wholesome and of greatest strength.

Those who have tested all thoroughly, use "Royal" only. If you are not using it, the facts here given should induce you to give it a trial.

No other Article of Human Food has ever received such emphatic commendation for purity, strength, and wholesomeness, from the most eminent authorities, as the Royal Baking Powder.

No other article used in the domestic economy of the household has so many enthusiastic friends among the housekeepers of America.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has lately left on an extended trip covering a distance of two thousand miles through the Barren Ground of North British America. It is Mr. Whitney's intention to gather material for a series of articles on "Snow-shoes, Dog-sledges, and Big Game" in this almost unknown country, and to study the habitat of the musk-ox, the wood-bison, and the other game animals of the region. Mr. Whitney will penetrate, by means of dog-sledges and snow-shoes, far north into the interior just east of the Rocky Mountains. He will be accompanied on this trip by Mr. A. H. H. Heming, the artist. During Mr. Whitney's absence this department will be filled with contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

NOTE.—Professor Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University, writes to inform the WEEKLY that he did not move the resolution offered in faculty meeting against Inter-collegiate Football. It was moved by Professor I. P. Roberts, Director of the College of Agriculture, and laid on the table for a year. Professor Wilder adds that he has never discussed football, nor athletics in general, with the faculty, although he has never voted to permit the absence of a team or crew. His views on athletics have been published from time to time, and he has headed a subscription toward paying the debts of the three Cornell athletic organizations on condition of the discontinuance of inter-collegiate contests for three years.

HOCKEY IN CANADA.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR H. H. HEMING.

ALL good Canadians may well take a pardonable pride in this fascinating game, for although played in Scotland and England in a crude manner, it remained for us in Canada to develop it into its present form. Within the last twenty years we have watched its evolution from the humble shinny of school-days into that game whose attractions have won approval and imitation far beyond our narrow borders.

THE REFEREE.

The first public match was played in the Victoria Rink, Montreal, on March 3, 1875, and two years later the first set of rules appeared, which owe their general resemblance to those of football to the fact that the originators were all footballers, debarred awhile from their sport by the long interregnum of winter.

And now a new interest is awakened by the arrival of an American team, and the match is eagerly looked forward to, as their game differs in many points from that accepted here, and in the hope that new developments may arise from a comparison of methods of play. Here in Canada the football and cricketing season is too short to hope for the attainment of the highest form in either game, but, by way of compensation, our winters provide unexampled opportunities for the hockey-player. Unquestionably one reason for its popularity with the on-looker is that he is absolutely in touch with the players. He is as near as the referee himself; in fact, the referee could watch the game quite as well from a gallery as on the ice. Then the rapidity of movement, the wonderful skill and cleverness of the skaters, the intense excitement, stimulated and heightened by the cheers, the encouraging cries, and applause of the crowd, never fail to call forth a host of charmed and often charming spectators to what we may justly claim, with lacrosse, as one of our national games.

POSITION FOR LIFTING THE PUCK.

Eight years ago the Amateur Hockey Association of Canada was formed, and the rules, as hereinafter given, are those adopted at the meeting held in Quebec in December, 1893, which, with slight modifications, now govern the game.

One of the chief objects of those interested was to protect the game from anything like professionalism, the rule being very stringent on this point, and no club can join without expressly subscribing to this, both in every sense.

The association consists of three series of clubs, and is composed as follows: Seniors—Montreal,* Victoria, Crystal, Quebec, Ottawa. Intermediate—Montreal,† Victoria, Crystal, Ottawa, Maple. Junior—Junior Victoria, Junior Ottawa, etc.

Besides these are many other leagues playing under association rules. Nearly every regiment, every bank and insurance company, every lacrosse and football club, every college and school, has its hockey team, and at a low estimate there are at least one hundred organized hockey clubs in Montreal alone.

TWO WAYS OF SPURTING.

These clubs consist of from twenty-five to thirty playing members, and each season sees the formation of other clubs, whose ambition will be to win their way up to the Senior series.

The Ottawa Hockey Club is the only organization in Ontario connected with this association. Toronto, Kingston, London, and some of the smaller cities have clubs amalgamated in the Ontario Hockey Association.

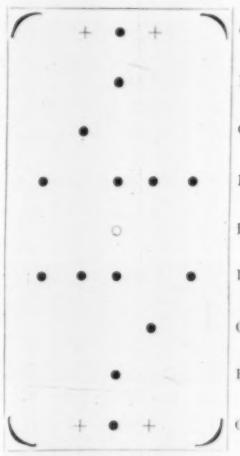
In the lower provinces the game has been played by individual clubs at Dartmouth, Halifax, and St. John, and from the sea to the heart of the country in Winnipeg the game has sprung into sudden but doubtless enduring popularity.

The game is played on a rink, which must be at least 112×58 feet, and as speed has become such a factor in the game, a rink with rounded ends is vastly preferable. At each end stand the goals, ten feet distant from the edge of the ice, six feet wide by four feet high, without any bar overhead.

FACING OFF.

Each team is composed of seven players, placed as shown in the diagram.

The puck is a circular piece of hard rubber (in the first games in 1875 a square block of wood was used) one inch in thickness by three in diameter, and is always faced for in the centre of the ice, the opposing players placing their sticks on each side, and drawing when the referee calls "Play!"



This is the formation used by the Montreal Club; other captains place the men somewhat differently.

The game is played in two innings of thirty minutes each, with a ten-minute interval for rest, and with allowance for stoppages.

No player can touch the puck, or prevent an opponent touching it, should he happen to be in front of the line from which it was shot by one of his own side; should he do so, the game is at once stopped, and the puck taken back to the point from where it was last shot, and there the centre forwards again face for it, each side standing back of its own line of play.

Should the puck be driven off the ice at the side of the rink, it is carried on at the same line and faced for at a distance of five yards from the edge, the centre forwards always facing. If driven off at the ends, or in case of a foul behind goals, the referee places the puck on the ice at the same line, five feet distant from and at right angles to the goal-line, and it is there faced.

A player may stop the puck with his body, or even with his hand, but it must not be held or moved forward in any manner save by the stick.

Body-checking only is allowed, no rushes, cross-checking, or collaring being admissible. Kicking, tripping, tackling, or raising the stick higher than the shoulder would insure ruling off for foul play, either for the game or for the whole match, at the discretion of the referee, after two warnings, and the player so transgressing cannot be replaced.

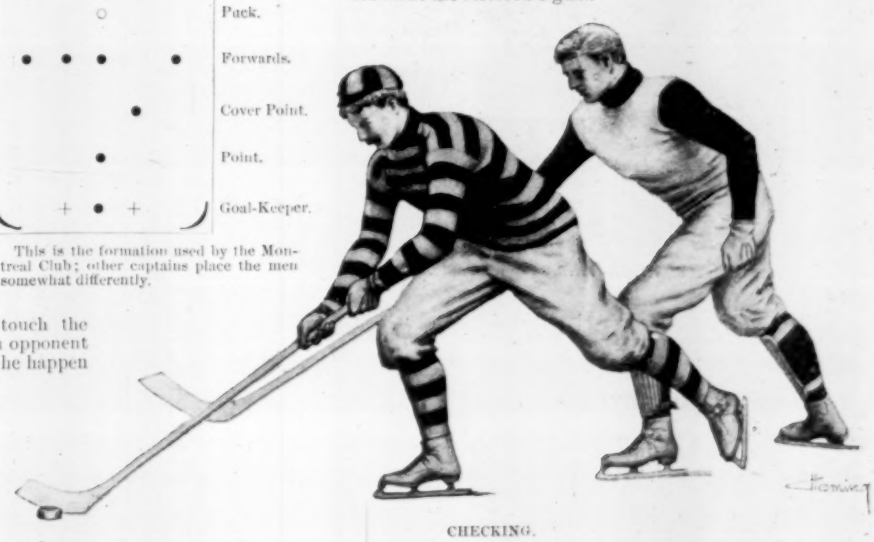
BLOCKING A FLYING PUCK.

The sticks must not be wider in any part than three inches, and no player is allowed to carry the puck, but may lift it at any time by a clean stroke. Lifting the puck is a trick that has only been acquired comparatively recently, and to-day it is readily seen that no advantage could be obtained by "swiping," but only in driving or lifting with the stick as near the puck as possible.

From the above it will be seen that the game as played here in Canada differs from that "over the border" in the following particulars:

1. Instead of a ball, a flat hard puck is used, which for the greater part of the time is actually on the ice.

2. Instead of beginning the game by charging on the ball, the puck is faced by the two centre forwards, and drawn at the referee's signal.



CHECKING.

* The Montreal Club first played in the Victoria Rink March 17th, 1875, and has held the Championship trophy since 1891.

† The Intermediate Championship must be won before a club can compete for the Senior.

3. The ball may be stopped by the body or the hand, but on no account may it be kicked, or sent forward by any means but the stick.

4. Off-side is strictly observed, which obviates any necessity of the three-foot-goal limit.

5. Body-checking, but only in direct play, is allowed; but cross-checking is not admitted under any circumstances.

6. The goals are four feet, not three feet, in height, and have no bar—an obvious advantage for the goal-keeper.

For the advantage of those who care to follow the game closely the association rules are given.

"SEC. 1.—A team shall be composed of seven players, who shall be *bona fide* members of the clubs they represent. No player shall be allowed to play on more than one team in the same series during a season, except in a case of *bona fide* change of residence.

"SEC. 2.—The game shall be commenced and renewed by a face in the centre of the rink. Rink shall be at least 112 feet by 58 feet. Goals shall be six feet wide and four feet high.

"The puck shall be faced by being placed between the sticks of two opponents, and the referee then calling "play."

"The goals shall be placed at least ten feet from the edge of the ice.

"SEC. 3.—Two half-hours, with an intermission of ten minutes between, will be the time allowed for matches. A match will be decided by the team winning the greatest number of games during that time. In case of a tie after playing the specified two half-hours, play will continue until one side secures a game, unless otherwise agreed upon between the captains before the match. Goals shall be changed after each half-hour.

"SEC. 4.—No change of players shall be made after a match has commenced except for reasons of accidents or injury during the game.

"SEC. 5.—Should any player be injured during a match and compelled to leave the ice, his side shall have the option of putting on a spare man from the reserve to equalize the teams; in the event of any dispute between the captains as to the injured player's fitness to continue the game, the matter shall at once be decided by the referee.

"SEC. 6.—Should a game be temporarily stopped by the infringement of any of the rules, the captain of the opposite team may claim that the puck be taken back, and a face take place where it was last played from before such infringement occurred.

"SEC. 7.—When a player hits the puck, any one of the same side who at such moment of hitting is nearer the opponents' goal-line is out of play, and may not touch the puck himself, or in any way whatever prevent any other player from doing so until the puck has been played. A player must always be on his own side of the puck.

"SEC. 8.—The puck may be stopped, but not carried or knocked on, by any part of the body. No player shall raise his stick above his shoulder. Charging from behind, tripping, collaring, kicking, or shinning shall not be allowed, and any player, after having been warned by the referee, may be ruled off the ice for that game or match.

"SEC. 9.—When the puck goes off the ice or a foul occurs behind the goals, it shall be taken by the referee to five yards at right angles from the goal-line and there faced. When the puck goes off the ice at the sides, it shall be taken by the referee to five yards at right angles from the boundary-line and there faced.

"SEC. 10.—The goal-keeper must not during play lie, kneel, or sit upon the ice, but must maintain a standing position.

"SEC. 11.—Goal shall be scored when the puck shall have passed between the goal-posts from in front below an imaginary line across the top of posts.

"SEC. 12.—Hockey-sticks shall not be more than three inches wide at any part.

"SEC. 13.—The puck must be made of vulcanized rubber, one inch thick all through, and three inches in diameter.

"SEC. 14.—The captains of the contesting teams shall agree upon a referee and two umpires (one to be stationed behind each goal), which positions shall not be changed during a match.

"SEC. 15.—All disputes on the ice shall be settled by the referee, and his decision shall be final.

"SEC. 16.—All questions as to games shall be settled by the umpires, and their decision shall be final."

WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

EX-SENATOR FAIR.

JAMES G. FAIR, of California, who died in San Francisco soon after midnight on December 29th, and who left a fortune estimated at from $40,000,000 to $50,000,000, was a remarkable illustration of the opportunities afforded by this country for the development of native energy and thrift. Born in Clogher, County Tyrone, Ireland, on December 3, 1831, he came, at twelve years of age, to the United States. A little instruction at the public schools and some training in poorly paid employment until he was nineteen were all the preparation he had received for his future, when the California gold fever broke out. Fair was a big strong boy, quiet, steady, industrious, and determined to succeed. In the spring of 1849 he joined a caravan about crossing the continent. The

THE LATE SENATOR FAIR.—FROM A PHOTO. BY BELL.

overland pilgrimage completed in August, he worked with pick and pan as a miner for some time, but without success. Turning his attention to the construction of mills, he fared better, soon demonstrated his superior ability as a mining engineer, and not long after he had attained his majority he was in charge of important mining operations as the general manager of the famous Ophir Mine in Nevada. In 1857 he was superintendent of the rich Hale and Norcross Mine in the Comstock Lode, and his wealth was accumulating rapidly. Mr. Flood became his partner, and later the firm was increased by the association with it of Mackay and O'Brien. The "Bonanza" firm obtained control of mines which soon became known as the "Consolidated California and Virginia," and which paid more than $100,000,000 in dividends in three years. Mr. Fair did not continue to devote himself to mining. He invested freely and variously in California, principally in real estate in San Francisco, and also in railroads, ranches, and mills, conducting his ventures with so much business sense that his enormous fortune continued to steadily increase. Hard work and business anxiety had told upon him in 1880, when, by the advice of his physician, he made a tour of the world. Upon his return he was elected a Senator of the United States from the State of Nevada. The successful mining operator was not an impressive Senator. During his six years of service he made but two speeches—one a testimonial of respect to the memory of Senator Miller, of California, and the other advocating the passage of a bill to settle the claim of A. H. Emory for a testing-machine, the value of which Mr. Fair had learned by experience. The "Bonanza" Senator made no display of his great wealth while in Washington. Personally he was just a plain retiring man, sensitive to opinion, conscious of his inability to adapt himself to the "whirl" of which he became but a small part, very indifferent to political ambition, and sincerely glad when his Senatorial career ended. His wife, Mrs. Theresa Fair, sought a divorce from him in 1883, after they had been married twenty-one years. Mr. Fair did not oppose the divorce, and amicably agreed to a settlement which gave to Mrs. Fair a large share of his estate. Mrs. Fair died in 1891. The children are Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, of New York, Miss Virginia Fair, and Charles Fair. Mr. Fair's will, filed for probate the day of his death, left the bulk of his property to be divided among his children, and gave liberal legacies to his immediate relatives, and to many of the charitable institutions of San Francisco, without discrimination of denominations.

A NEW CULT.

I DO not believe in eavesdropping as a practice, and it is only fair to myself to add that my disapproval is not based upon the selfish grounds cited in the proverb. Still, there are times.

For instance, you are in the most comfortable chair by the best window at the Monogram Club. Two men come and plant themselves on a sofa within six feet of your back. Is it your duty to leave your favorite chair and window just to avoid overhearing an impersonal conversation which happens to interest you? *I* didn't.

"So you've given up the law, Ralph? Why, the last I heard you were doing so well. Fine growing clientèle, and all that."

The voice belonged to one of my fellow-members, whom I knew slightly.

"Yes," replied the other, evidently a visitor; "that was just the trouble. I was too successful. My work had become almost confining. It's nearly a year since I cut it. Let me see; you've been in Chicago for over two."

"Great Scott, man!" cried the first speaker. "*Too* successful! What do you want?"

"Leisure, principally," said the stranger. And I heard him strike a match.

"But how do you ever expect to amount to anything?"

"Don't, from your point of view; and, what's better, I don't want to."

"W-ell!"

"You see, Ned, I'm not a bit in sympathy with the progressive spirit of the age. I think a lot of it has been progress backward, and when it comes right down to the real philosophy of living, we're not in it with our old friends the Athenians. Our only idea of amounting to anything is to scratch gravel every day from morning till night as long as we can drag ourselves to our workshops; and our idea of success is mainly to make a heap of money. Nobody but the slaves in old times worked as we do, and they just did it because they had to. No rational free Greek or Roman would have dreamed of leading such a life for *any* motive—let alone such an elusive one as ours."

"Pray what do you calculate to substitute for work?"

"Leisure."

"And starvation?"

"Not at all. Now here's my logic in a few words, you old Philistine. The great desideratum is to do as you please—as nearly as possible—and for this leisure is an absolutely necessary prerequisite. Therefore leisure must be the first aim. On the other hand, it is evident that if you do as every one else does, you won't have any true leisure—none at all, in fact, unless you steal it from the hours you ought to give to rest in order to brace you up for another day of toil. But *why* do you work so hard? To make money? Why do you want money? Ah, yes; to live comfortably, to amass a fortune, to retire finally and enjoy yourself, to be somebody. If your 'being somebody' depends on the verdict of other people, or if even your own verdict is based upon how much money you have, I don't think such a somebody is much of anybody. The *real* somebody is the man who marks his life out on true philosophic lines, and lives successfully the life he has marked out. The reason money has been taken as a touchstone is because it's the easiest thing for the vulgar to estimate. Any idiot can measure a man's success by the number of dollars he is said to have, or by the swell he cuts on them, but it takes more intelligence to measure by how happy or how wise or how virtuous or how honorable a man is. Therefore the vulgar count the dollars, and as the vulgar majority rules in these days of democracy—rabbleocracy, the Greeks would have called it—why, there you are. Besides, remember, even if you do sell yourself into slavery, the chances of buying back your freedom, and retiring and enjoying yourself, and of 'being somebody' in your old age are less than problematical. The sensible man doesn't enslave himself in order to be ultimately free. He just *stays* free."

"But how about living comfortably?"

"That's a fair question. It certainly *does* cost considerable to live as we've been brought up to call 'comfortable'; but then if we're wrong on other fundamental points, why mayn't we be on this? To cut it short, I've found out that we *are*. Stop and think. Half the money we spend is for things we only enjoy indirectly—through the impression they make on other people; in fact, because they're fashionable—and two-thirds of the other half go for 'necessaries' which our ancestors were just about as happy without. Don't understand me as despising luxuries. I enjoy them much more than do those who have them all the time; but I object to the price. It's too big; so I've tried to find the equation. I look respectable, don't I? I *feel* respectable, anyhow, and I assure you I'm perfectly comfortable. Well, on my honor, I average a little over three hours of work a day, and any man of ordinary intelligence can do as well on as little."

"What do you do?"

"I? Oh, I write. What a man *does* doesn't make so much difference, though I admit my work is more agreeable than most. Sometimes I'm not quite sure it should be called work."

"And the rest of the time?"

"I enjoy my leisure. I enjoy *life*. I read; I converse with congenial people on congenial topics; I walk; I take lots of out-of-door exercise, and steer clear of nervous prostration; I play tennis and chess; I go wherever there are beautiful things to see—you have no idea how many are available, both in nature and art—and I let them soak in and become assimilated with my being. I *live*."

"Don't you ever expect to marry?"

"If I do, the woman will be either a leisurist like myself, or one who has brains enough to appreciate a leisurist, and money enough to indulge her taste."

"But, seriously, old man, how many people to-day could enjoy the things you enjoy? Your reasoning and philosophy are worthless when applied to the mass of humanity."

"They aren't intended to be applied to the mass of humanity any more than any other system of living—at least, not until the mass of humanity is educated up to where it once was. The cult may be a small one now, but its influence may be wide for ultimate good—is *bound* to be, by so much as it removes any man, if only a hair's-breadth, from the crazy Philistinism that dominates him."

"Pray what is the name of your new school?"

"Oh—'Leisurists,' 'Neo-Epicureans.' Either answers, and we answer to either. I'm not sure but that Thoreau ought to be our eponymous hero. He was certainly the leader of Neo-Epicurean thought, and, like most leaders, he took rather too advanced a position. He proved his case all the same, though."

"I presume, of course, you're prepared to welcome with open arms all the 'Weary Willies' and 'Dusty Rhodeses' of the humorists? I congratulate you. You've lots of ready-made disciples."

"Not exactly. You see, the *real* tramp is either a laborer out of work and trying to find it, or else a loafer pure and simple. You must not neglect to note the distinction between leisure and loafing. I rarely loaf."

"Joking aside, Ralph, I realize, of course, that you've been just talking; but what a supremely selfish existence your Leisurists would lead!"

"Wrong on both points. I was never more in earnest in my life, and my philosophy is anything but selfish; not the faintest approach to the rabid selfishness of your so-called useful professional or business man, who jostles and elbows his way to the foot of the ladder and tries to scramble up it, heedless of how many aching ribs and crushed fingers he leaves behind, and all the time flattering himself that he's doing his duty as a citizen of a civilized community—pah! Every man who can be dragged from your selfish competition for power and money, whose aim can be diverted ever so little to more 'useless' occupations, is just so much accomplished for the benefit of humanity. *Selfish!* That's good."

"By Jove! do you know what time it is? It's after two." The speaker rose quickly. "What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"Sayre is coming to take me to meet Penfold and see his 'Antigone.' He's just back from Paris with it, and they say it's great. Why not go with us?"

"My dear boy, do you realize that, what with listening to your nonsense, I shan't have a chance to get my lunch to-day, and probably 'll get home late for dinner into the bargain? No pictures for me. Drop in and see me when you get a chance. I can always spare five minutes for you. Take care of yourself, and excuse me for running away."

I glanced from the corner of my eye to see a slender back and a thin head of hair whisk out of the door. Then some one else entered.

"Hello, Ralph! Ready?" cried the new-comer.

"All ready. By-the-bye, did you meet a slave as you came in?"

"Who? What slave?"

"Ned Bunce, to be sure. Poor devil!" And then I heard a low, contented, indulgent laugh, and my Neo-Epicurean was gone. DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

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Have come to see us just one night.
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What have we ever done to you?

SANTA CLAUS.

Oh, children, children, take my part!
Don't talk like that; you break my heart.
I tried to come, but on the way
A big policeman made me stay.
"Say, w'at you doing here?" said he.
"I've got a load," said I, "of toys
And things for little girls and boys.
I'm Santa Claus." And then he said:
"Come off your perch; I'll punch your head.
I' been a long time on the beat;
There ain't no Claus lives on this street.
'Twill cost you fifty fer a start.
And fifteen extry fer my part;
You need pertectin', what's yer name,
Er you can't run yer little game."
I had no money; only toys
And things for little girls and boys;
And as I couldn't pay, he said
He'd take my team and load instead.
And so he did. He took them all,
And that is why I did not call.

W. J. LAMPTON.

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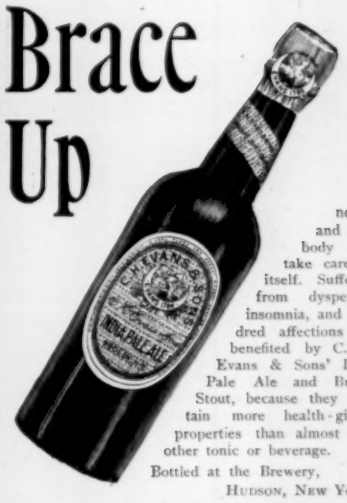

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